Dell D. 04107

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

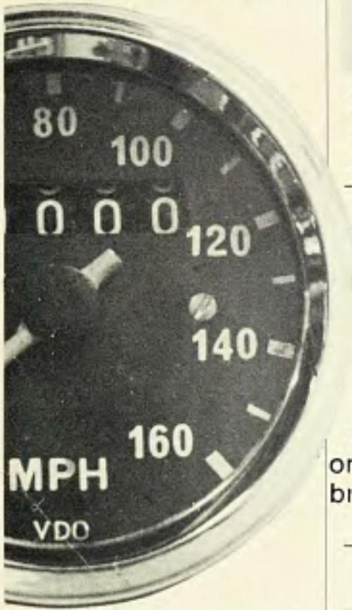
April, 1974
75¢

Female Chopper Builders? You Gotta Be Kiddin'

See page 28

160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

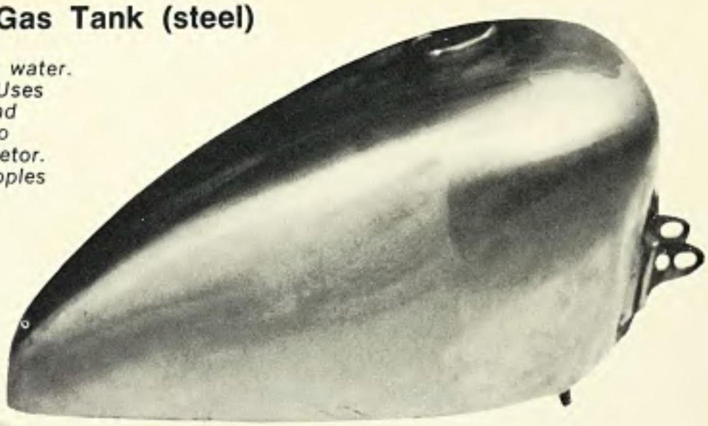
Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. ***$39.95***

Sportster Type Gas Tank (steel)

Pressured tested under water. Capacity 2½ gallons. Uses stock Harley gas cap and petcock. Tank vented to accept Tillotson carburetor. These tanks have no ripples or die marks. **$39.95**



Coffin Tank

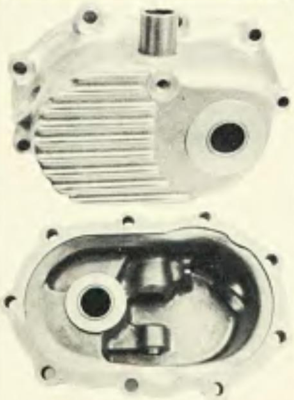
Heavy steel. 2½ gallon capacity. Low tunnel.
$39.95

Fat-Bob Fender

Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's **$29.95**

Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s only. Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only
29.95

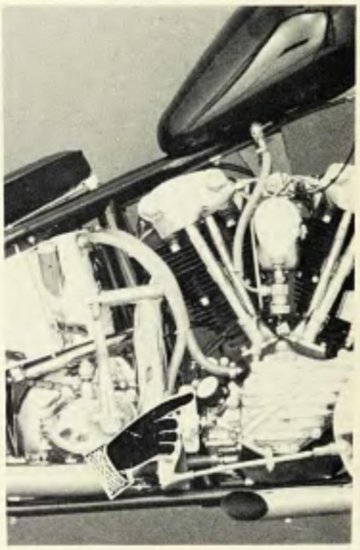


74 Kick Cover

Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes.
9.95



Chopper Gas Tanks

Tired of spending $150 for a paint job and having your gas tank spring a leak? Here's a heavy-duty 18-gauge steel tank that should ease your mind a little. Made in the good old U.S.A.—heliarc welded.

2½ gallon capacity. Gas outlets located to accommodate all bikes and get the last drop out.

Only right hand hole is functional—the left is a dummy. Tanks come without caps.

Single cap tank	*$49.95*
Double cap tank	*$54.95*
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Petcocks	*$3.50 ea.*
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Wide 16" Chromed Steel Rim

For Wide 500X16 tires.
$29.95

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

6-10 over stock
10-15 over stock *$24.95*

Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. Send money order. Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 5%. We ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Number 20

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Cover Photo of Cheryl Hughes by Pete Chiodo

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Talk about a cough: Imagine how bugged the dude was when he ripped off a mynah bird only to find out that the damned bird had learned to copy its previous owner's early morning smoker's hack—and did it constantly. It just goes to prove you've got to be careful of what you rip off.

Yes, Virginia, they still shoot bikers: You thought Easy Rider was just a movie—right? Well, get this. A biker was hassled some way (he wasn't given a chance to give his side, but we know, don't we?), and he apparently got so pissed that he beat on the car's window with his helmet as he rode his bike alongside. The car owner pulled a .45 pistol and blew the biker away.
But that's not all. The motorist was set free—it was declared justifiable homicide in Birmingham, Alabama. I know I don't have to ask—but what the hell is justifiable about a situation where a dude in an automobile is hassled by a biker who is riding beside the car shouting and pounding on the car with his helmet—what danger was the motorist in to justify snuffing the biker? Except that he was a biker, probably had long hair, and was flying colors.

Sh-h-h—secret stuff: We just got word that the narc squad in Salt Lake City, Utah, is building a chopper in order to be able to infiltrate outlaw clubs. To protect yourself, you should make all prospects earn their red wings.

Those goddam mice! The police in Carbondale, Illinois, claim that mice have eaten a half pound of marijuana that was being held as evidence. They've tried to poison the mice—set traps—everything—but the mice still eat away at the grass. Do you think maybe they should try locking the door?

Less-lethal weapons: Remember my bit about the youth who was killed in New Mexico? Well, it seems that the police department had two types of less-lethal ammo available—one for closeup work and a more powerful load for long range use—and sure as shit, the policeman in question accidentally picked up the wrong stuff and fired it at a dude only five feet away from him. Less-lethal? Bullshit.

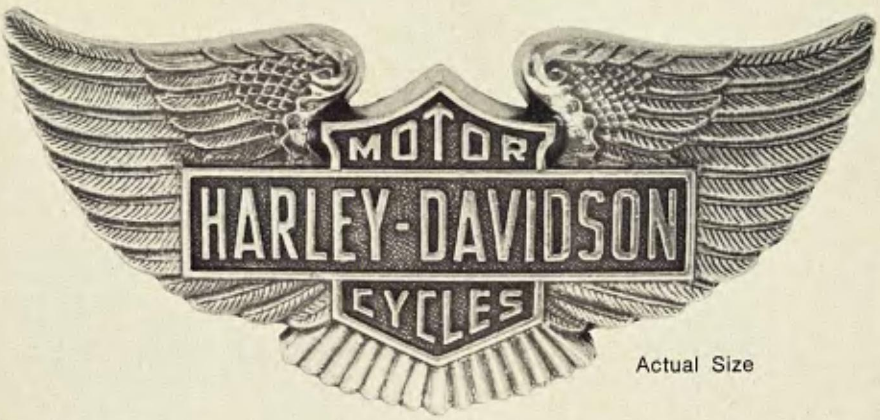
Mark one up for our side: The border narcs between the U.S. and Mexico installed an alarm system to catch dirty rotten dope smugglers. Whenever a dude crossed a certain point the instrument was to start beeping. After not hearing anything for a week they went to check the machine out—and would you believe some rotten dope-smugglin' sonuvabitch had ripped the thing off?

They're still blackmailing: The latest threat to states if they don't do what the Feds want them to do is the 55 mph speed limit. Richard M. just signed a bill that said as a condition to receive their share of highway trust funds states had to establish the speed limit.

That was a no-no: The dude who sent in the poster of the two orangutans and printed "Harley Owners" under it was pretty shitty not to have put his name and address on it—we thought it was a crack-up.

Automatic Traffic Tickets: According to a professor at Tennessee University it won't be long until every car will have a unit on it that will automatically report you to a computer if you go too fast. Sensors in the roadbed, and in the steering wheel, gas pedal, and brake pedal will set off the mini computer in each car. ■

What are you waiting for?



Actual Size

Here's absolutely the best Harley buckle, anywhere!

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is also individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with a 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find.

Send $15.95 along with accurate waist size.

Righteous Buckle Owners Note: This buckle will fit the Righteous belt you have already purchased, so it is not necessary to purchase an additional belt. This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send $10.00

Full refund of your money if not satisfied!

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Heavy Arguments
☐ If you will look carefully at your January cover, you'll find that the cutie standing by the '13 Harley has only one leg. Am I right? We're having some heavy arguments here among the brothers that chicks with one leg would be better at sex than chicks with two legs.

Duffy
El Paso, Texas

■ The best is no legs—but them kind are hard to find.

Down The Tube
☐ I just received my January issue and I want to tell you fuckers that you're slippin' badly. I thought your rag was a scooter mag, but that 1913 Harley made me sick. I'm sure there are a lot of people who agree with me.

Dave Mority
Sayton, Wash.

Distinguished Vocabulary
☐ My ol' man and I just read "A Day In The Life of a Freak Motorcyclist" in the January issue and we feel it is the best story you've had in your magazine. The dude reminded me of my ol' man—he has the same distinguished vocabulary.

C.A.
New Albany, Ind.

Cycle Jumper
☐ I'm not a street driver. I don't get my kicks out of riding around with a dumb-ass chick behind me—a bike isn't any place for a chick.

I'm a cycle jumper. I worship the king of cycle jumping—Evel Knievel. My jumps will never match his, but I will always know that I went in the right direction in the world of motorcycles. Don't get me wrong, I dig pot, but I like the feeling of my 350 Yamaha ten feet or so above the ground much better. Funny, you chopper freaks are always grinding your bones and tearing your flesh—while I have come out so far with only minor injuries.

Danny
Columbus, Ga.

■ Your injuries came at birth—brain injuries.

Tit Shots
☐ I know there are a lot of people who argue for more tit shots and fewer bikes, or more bikes and fewer tits. I don't know, but my ol' man and I are more interested in the bikes—maybe it's because I have enough tits for both of us.

Bandido Joker's Ol' Lady
Missoula, Montana

■ Or maybe he's an ass man.

New Organization
☐ I'm fed up with all those girls writing in and bragging about their bikes and calling us other girls dirty names just because we don't ride our own bikes. What makes them think we're "pussy" because we prefer to pack with a guy?

Some of us chicks have gotten so pissed at "liberated women" that we have started a new organization called F.O.W.L. (Fuck Off Women's Lib). Female Fowls will proudly call ourselves chicks and male fowls will call themselves cocks.

Chick Number 1
San Francisco, Ca.

Just One Question?
☐ I would like to ask my warden one question: where's my twenty-four bucks?

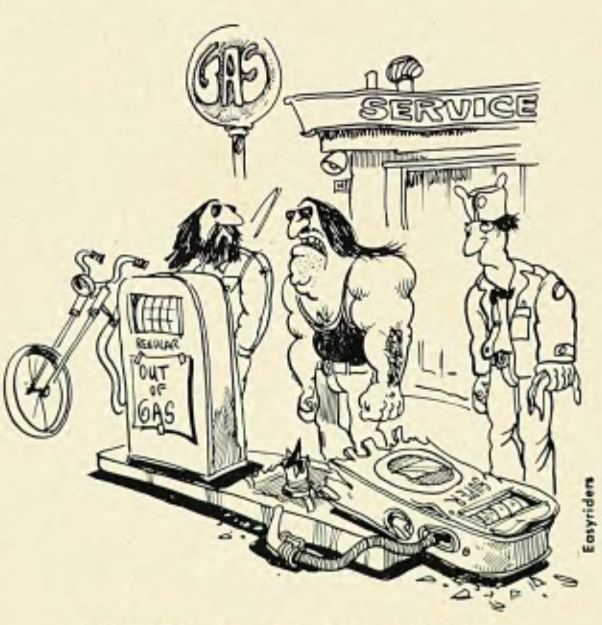
Eddy McMullan
Tilton, N.H.

Good For Three Things
☐ I'd like to tell your female readers that a good ol' lady is good for three things: cookin', cleanin' and ballin'.

Love Puppy
Fairfield, Calif.

Page Numbers
☐ You people have a decent rag, but as with all good shit, there's flies. Whenever you dudes get heavy with the photos, you get light with the page numbers. It takes me half a goddam night to find some given page that has what I want to read—and when I'm buzzin', forget it, I'm lucky to find the rag at all.

Rooster
Youngstown, Ohio



"He's right—dry as a goddamned bone!"

Down On Chicks
☐ I'm down on chicks riding big scoots (most of them wind up with their jock shifts stuck up their asses). Most of them can't even drive a car. Any fool who would help his ol' lady build a bike is making his own gallows.

Wing
Reapers M/C
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Digs Dressers
☐ I want to know what you have against dressers. I love choppers, but I'll be goddamned if I'll ever chop my Hog.

Stace Bisceglia
Ellwood City, Pa.

■ On what basis does one judge the merits of one dresser over another? The width of the seat? Gross weight? Number of goodies? How? Sorry, Steve, **Road Rider** is your magazine.

Hitchhiker
☐ I would like you dudes to add more shit like the hitchhiker feature to your magazine. My chick dug the dude with the long tongue in the third picture.

F. Fay
Barstow, Calif.

■ She should see Spider's.

Happened To You?
☐ I pulled into this cafe parking lot, as drunk as hell. I gunned my 74 to make sure everyone would see — and then like an asshole, I forgot my fuckin' kickstand, and dropped my bike on top of me.

Gibo
Riverside, Calif.

Jan Not Jam
☐ In your January issue on page 19 you misspelled my name. It's spelled Jan, not Jam. My ol' lady spotted the mistake and cracked up—and I haven't heard the end of it.

Jan Christensen
Susanville, Calif.

—Continued on next page

√ Knucklehead Service Manual

for the OHV 61 and 74 cubic inch engines and the side valve 74 and 80 cubic inch engines
$9.95

√ Harley 45 Service Manual ***$7.50***

Just Out!

Only $14.95

1941 to 1954 Harley 45, 61 and 74 Parts Catalog!

Original Harley Catalog complete with names and addresses where you can buy obsolete parts.

Reduced to $9.95

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45 Manual and Spare Parts Manual	$ 7.50 $14.95	Both for $16.95
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☐ H-D Panhead Service Manual $9.95 ☐ Package #3 $16.95
Name
Address
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A fine quality 17 jewel slimline movement. Shock-resistant! Genuine leather band. Full color dial with red, white, and blue chopper, speeding ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

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Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid ______ watch(es) price: $31.50 each. Calif. Residents add 5% tax, $1.58. Enclosed find ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $______. Please, No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name ______________________
Address ____________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ______

Immediate Delivery

Is He Real?

☐ One of my favorite features in your miserable rag is Taking It Easy. What I want to know is, what does Spider look like? Is there really a Spider? Is he married and is he hung as good as you all indicate?

Horny
Detroit, Mich.

■ There's only one way to describe how he's hung: gross.

Outrageous Cards

☐ I ordered two sets of your rank Christmas cards, and wow, when you say outrageous, you mean it. The next time I'll be prepared—this time they arrived when I wasn't home and my mother about had a cow.

Tim Donneley
Chicago, Ill.

Torn Seat

☐ Did you dumb shits know that that stupid cafe racer piece of shit in your January issue had a torn seat?

Eagle Eye
Portland, Ore.

■ The dude in charge of torn seats said that the seat was unsnapped in that photo, not torn. The photographer has had his ass kicked for not catching it.

Less-lethal Weapons

☐ You dudes showed a lot of class in showing us the different ways the police are looking out for us by developing less-lethal weapons. That Spider's got his shit together.

Jake
Seattle, Wash.

■ Will you people quit praising that guy! Pretty soon he'll want **two** pieces of raisin pie and **two** rations of smokes a week!

I'm Free!

☐ Only a few more months to go. A few long, slow months. I've worked in that hotass laundry for The Man, at the rate of $10.50 a month —and I've saved it all. I've sent to everyone I know for a few bucks—and saved it all. I sold a story to **Easyriders**—and I saved that too. I've passed up a hundred "good deals" because I couldn't see myself spending any money. Just 93 days to go! 2,232 hours! Then it's me, my Hog, and that long beautiful freeway!

Once again to know the feeling of kicking back with my feet high on the pegs! Once again to enjoy the naugahyde of a familiar seat! I'll let the wind blow the dimensions of this stinking cell from my head! I'll let 1200 cc's of badass panhead vibrate so goddam loud in my ears that it'll drown out the bastards whose pettiness ruled me for a thousand days! I'll let the whine of Avons erase the tension and frustration brought on by "Cut your hair, boy" . . . "Change your pants, boy"..."Knock off the talk, boy!" I'll blow down that freeway as if the devil himself had just caught me boring his daughter—leaning into the curves and laughing as those 9-to-5 plastic clowns stare through the windows of their pieces of Detroit shit! Then, flippin' the bird to a whole fuckin' town and screaming at the top of my lungs: "I'm back, you bastards!" And as they light up those 20-year-mortgaged boxes of prefabricated wood, I'll hit the freeway again, headin' south! And ride till I run out of land! I'll park my scoot and walk to that certain spot I know. There I'll smoke a couple of joints and finish that bottle of Red Mountain!

When the sun climbs into the sky to start a new day, I'll be there, lying in the sand—my Levi's greasy, my cutoff soaked in wine, my breath foul, and my hair hanging in my face. It's then that I'll reach into my soul and let the words that have been buried for so goddam long: "Hello, motherfuckers! It's me—the Rabbit! And I'm free!"

Larry W. (Rabbit) Cole
Stockton, Calif.

Helps Her Head

☐ I want you to know that **Easyriders** has sure helped me keep my shit together since my ol' man and I split. It helps me remember how good it felt to just lean back and let my ol' man handle his Harley in the only way he could. Your rag sure helps my head.

Maggie
Ithaca, N.Y.

Needs Information

☐ I need some information. Do you know how to shrink a head? I'm serious, so give me a straight answer.

B. Wannager
Jackson, Mich.

■ We've found a head shrinks pretty fast whenever a chick's ol' man unexpectedly comes through the door and interrupts a fun and games session.

On The Blink

☐ I've got plenty to say, but I'm constantly on the blink and I don't know how to act. But if any of them faggots come to this joint talkin' about "less tits and more bikes," we'll have their young asses!

Bandit
Ionia, Mich.

Ordinary Biker

☐ From time to time you get letters putting your rag down. Now I'm just an ordinary biker — I eat pussy, smoke pot, and ride a panhead, but I don't think your rag needs any changing.

J. Workmann
San Francisco, Calif.

Wigged Out

☐ What in hell has happened to you guys? A wig article in a chopper magazine? You guys must be cracking up. Wouldn't it be just as easy for the long-haired fairies to merely get their hair cut like the rest of us normal guys?

Mike
Atlanta, Ga.

■ Eat it.

How Come?

☐ How come you don't print letters praising your magazine? Surely you must get a lot of letters that tell you how great you are, yet all we usually see is letters of complaint.

Ann Sumner
New York, N.Y.

■ Our mothers get a little sickening with all their gushing and we don't want to bug anyone.

Sold In The Holy Land

☐ Just thought I'd let all you fuckers know that while taking a stroll in Jerusalem I walked by a book store and cast my eyes upon your filthy rag. I almost gagged.

Now your rag may be smelly, corrupting, rotten

ChopShirts!

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **Chopshirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some **Chopshirts** and show the same amount of class that your bike does.

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ______ shirts. I have enclosed $3.50 for each shirt ordered ($3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling).

____**Harley Wings**	____**Triumph**
____**Knucklehead**	____**Shovelhead**
____**Panhead**	____**Skull**
____**Sportster**	____**Miraculous Mutha**
____**Honda 4**	____**Keep On Tokin'**

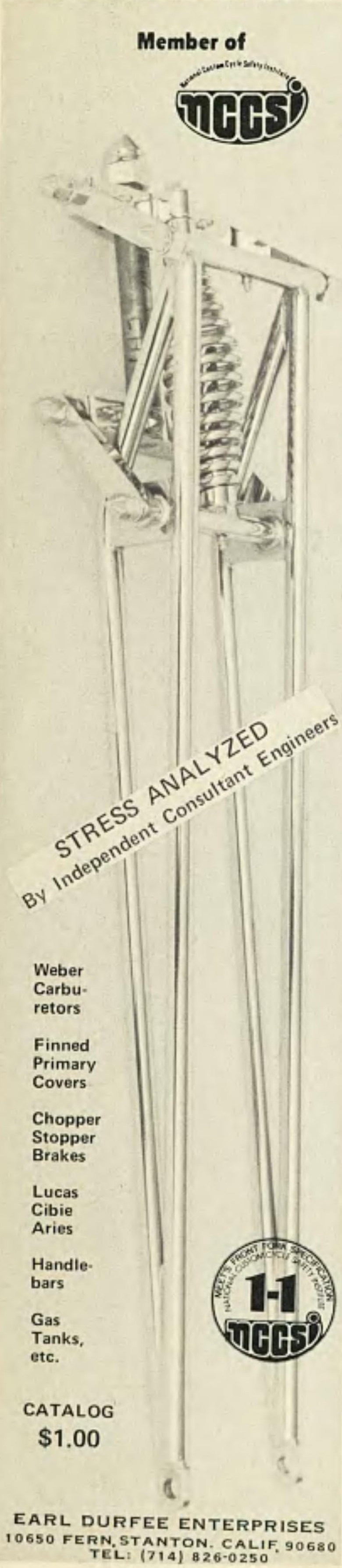
Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

Durfee



and disgusting, but you've got to admit, it must have class, to be sold in the Holy Land.

Brad Foster
Israel

Short On Green

☐ I have owned two bikes, and the only reason I still don't have them is because when my ol' man gets short on green, he sells mine for parts or chrome for his. I drive his Sportster and love it almost more than a good screw.

Cynthea Shrine
Union Lake, Mich.

A Rip-Off

☐ I woke one morning and almost went into shock—my scoot had been ripped off. I was sick and shaking as I stood there holding the cut chain. Christ, I wish I could get that thief.

Someday, with some help from the clan, I'm gonna get him and with the same goddamn boltcutter I'm gonna cut off his fuckin' hands.

Harley Sykis
Lakeview, Ore.

Prison Bike Club

☐ Us people at the Arizona State Prison are trying to start an in-prison scooter club and shop. We need help from tool companies, scoot manufacturers, and anyone with enough pull to get us the parts and equipment we need.

Anyone who can help us in any way, please contact us.

Kenneth Nicholson
Box B-30481
Florence, Arizona 85232

From New Zealand

☐ Do you know of any guys who would like to correspond with a New Zealand chick who digs **Easyriders?** I'm 17 years old, 36-25-36, part Maori, Spanish, English and German.

Karen Bristane
40 Kashmia Avenue
Upper Hutt
Wellington, New Zealand

■ Okay, you guys—she's only 17—so be nice.

Filthy Publication

☐ Please correct the subscription address to your filthy publication and send it to my oldest son's new address. I do not care to have the minds of the two younger children clouded with such trash.

Grateful Mother
Revere, Mass.

No Nortons

☐ You fuckers never have any information on chopping a Norton.

M.E.
Worland, Wyo.

■ No shit?

Good Chuckle

☐ The Gross Glossary was real good—in fact, I haven't had such a good chuckle since the judge gave me six months for fucking.

J.A.D.
Rhinelander, Wis.

Goofed Again

☐ I just wanted to tell you douche wads that ya fucked up again. In issue number 18 you called it issue number 17 in the back-issue ad. Either you guys can't count, or you're smokin' rat turds again. By the way, I'd subscribe to your rag, but it's easier to rip 'em off.

Fishaman
Greenwood, Va.

Blessed State?

☐ I don't think Illinois is a cursed state just because Jesus Christ got busted for possession of pot. After all, he blessed the state with bikers who have enough sense to keep their bikes upright so they don't need a helmet law, didn't he?

Fred Petrucci
Lyons, Illinois

Colorful Decal

☐ Thanks for the wonderful, colorful and beautiful decal. I wanted to put it on the refrigerator, but my ol' lady said no way. I would put it on my car, but the decal is too good to waste.

Dane Randolph
Prior Lake, Mn.

Match Maker

☐ I want to thank you dudes for putting out such a fine mag. I met my ol' man through it and thanks to you we're perfectly happy.

Grub's Ol' Lady
Pittsfield, Mass.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■

"I just love a man in uniform!"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

As the title says, we normally quote from the biker rags—but this time we're reprinting a column from the National Observer newspaper. The viewpoint expressed is so off the wall we thought you'd be interested in knowing the extremes some people go to in putting down bikes.—Editor.

Motorcycles and Public Safety

DOES IT seem odd to you, as it does to me, that a Government that compels the driver of a 1974 automobile to be snug in a safety harness before his car will start, a Government greatly interested in air bags, padded dashboards, and all manner of safety-related bells, buzzers, and flashing lights—does it seem odd to you that such a Government permits the operation of motorcycles on public roads?

There are few more hazardous ways of getting from one place to another, short of being shot out of a cannon, than by riding a motorcycle.

Says Lewis S. Buchanan of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration: "More than 80 per cent of the reported motorcycle accidents result in injury or death. A comparable figure for automobiles is 10 per cent."

A minimum amount of good will, I think, requires all of us to count to 10 before condemning another person's choice of fun. Motorcyclists pay taxes too, and they have their rights. But even though the nation's roads are for the use of many kinds of vehicles, we may properly draw the line when the evidence suggests that a certain type of machine, because of its very design, is unusually dangerous to the operator and any passenger.

There is a temptation to say, and some people probably do say, that so long as the motorcyclist's risk is mostly to himself, let him be. After all, motorcycles very rarely run down pedestrians, and in any encounter between a motorcycle and a car, the motorcycle is likely to lose.

This attitude, however, fails to take into account that motorcycles can be the indirect cause of auto accidents. Their presence often startles and confuses motorists because the narrow, two-wheeled vehicles are hard to see. (Notes the Government's Buchanan: "A pencil held at arm's length will obscure a cyclist only 100 feet away.")

There is special danger when a motorcycle approaches a car from the rear. There are blind spots in the driver's rearward vision that usually don't affect his seeing another auto, but seeing the slender motorcycle is another matter.

It is unnecessary to serve up a large plate of gore here. You have heard about the recent motorcycle accidents that cost an actor an arm and a leg, that put a Minnesota Viking football player in a wheel chair for the rest of his life, that left a New Jersey youth paralyzed from the neck down until his grief-stricken brother shot him dead in a mad act of mercy. But you probably have not heard about many of the less-publicized accidents that resulted in 2,747 deaths in 1972.

It is certain that the number of such deaths will increase greatly in the next few years. Again quoting Buchanan: "From registrations of less than 600,000 in 1960 the total of registered motorcycles has grown to about 4 million. It is likely that an additional 600,000 registrations [have been] added during 1973. It is probable that the use of motorcycles will continue expansion until about 10 per cent of all registered vehicles are motorcycles."

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, which is part of the Department of Transportation, recognizes the special hazards of motorcycle riding. And the agency is conscientiously pushing such safety precautions as improved cyclist training, crash helmets, periodic cycle inspection, and daytime use of headlight.

If all the states adopted all the motorcycle regulations the Federal Government has urged, and if all the states enforced the legislation already on their books, Washington officials contend, the high motorcycle death rate would be reduced.

But even after all that can be done has been done we are left with the nature of the motorcycle itself. It is not a suitable machine to mingle with cars, buses, and trucks on public thoroughfares. The rider is utterly exposed, any passenger is in equal jeopardy, bad roads and bad weather enormously multiply the risks, and the motorcycle is so hard for motorists to see and to anticipate that its presence is an unjustifiable threat to public safety.

—*Edwin A. Roberts, Jr.*
The National Observer

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Chopper
Fiction

By Dan Fay

Hog Jaw

Hog Jaw was sitting with his back braced against the freshly cut road bank. He had his knees drawn up to brace his aim, and was in the process of blasting into pieces a series of old sealed-beam headlights placed in the sand embankment 40 yards away. The .44 magnum recoiled violently, and obliterated the fifth headlight out of a series of six. Five out of six. Not bad for the first set, considering a wine hangover with its anxieties and shakiness. He was sighted in for 100 yards and had to undersight by about half the height of the front sight blade. Ear protection consisted of paper wads rolled from a restaurant napkin and inserted in each ear canal. The first traces of morning cheeseburger and coffee heartburn were starting to grow.

"Christ, that thing is loud!" Spot yelled from her place of safety ten yards away, sitting backwards on Hog Jaw's pride—or more accurately, his other pride, a circumcised tan shovelhead well sprung and 12 over.

"You should be used to big guns going off by now," Hog Jaw replied.

"Not six times a minute," she said, smiling.

"How's come you feel so good this morning, Spottie? You steal some whites from that high-brow private hospital you work at?"

"Right kind of nighttime exercise," she replied.

Jaw poked the empty brass casings out of the blast-greyed cylinder and tossed them into a brown grocery sack. He took out some more enemies: two headlights, and four empty beer cans. As he stood up to place the new targets, his own lights dimmed and his first two steps were just a reaction to ward off a morning-after comeoverance. When his head cleared, he poked the targets into place and returned to dispatch some more 240-grain wrecking balls. Sitting down, he tried to remove some of the maximum strength reloads out of the breast pocket of his apache jacket. With the jacket on, the zippered opening was too narrow and the pocket too deep to get his fingers into. Not wanting to stand up again to take off his jacket, he called for assistance.

"Hey, Spottie, come here a minute!" he yelled to the pretty Indian girl.

"Promise you won't shoot me with that big gun of yours," she yelled back.

"They're both empty right now. Your hand is smaller than mine; pull all those reloads out of this pocket," he said, patting the pocket with the barrel end of the big gun with the cylinder dangling open. She walked lightly over, straddled his outstretched legs and bent over, easily sliding her hand into his breast pocket. As she bent down, Jaw set the gun down and focused his attention on the middle headlight, sighting in through the curtain of cascading black hair, the unrestrained copper breasts, and the row of shiny buttons on her outside-button denims.

"Not bad, Spottie," Jaw said as he stuck his arm through the loose-fitting tank top and flicked his index finger against the big silver western buckle that played no part in the physics of holding her pants up.

"I hear you knocking, but you can't come in," she said in an unconvincing voice. She dropped some shells to the sand between his legs and went back into his pocket for more.

"Come some night and try again," he said, recalling badly the rest of the Little Richard tune that was popular when he was in high school.

School! Jaw reflected a minute, as wine hangovers can do on their own. High school was where he'd earned his nickname because of his desire and ability to eat anything. Sometimes hot lunch at noon, sometimes lunch in the sack—whatever.

After four years with the Army, there was an unfortunate marriage to a shapely social worker. Along with the social worker went three hypocritical years of wearing a badge as a deputy sheriff. It soon became apparent that he didn't like politics, or a social worker wife who didn't want to ball, have kids, drink, smoke, drop, or, more important just ride behind his back and not on it.

After the split, Jaw left the sheriff's office and became a partner in his uncle's fish market. The sheriff was one of his best customers, and next to Wyatt Earp, the only lawman Jaw really respected.

Crack, crack, crack, *zing!* What the fuck! Spot straightened up and cried excitedly that some bastard was shooting at them. Not knowing where to go, she unstraddled Jaw and squatted beside him. Seeing no way to take cover from his seated position, Jaw hurriedly reached between his legs, grabbed a few rounds, and slid the sand-covered cartridges into the chamber before locking it shut.

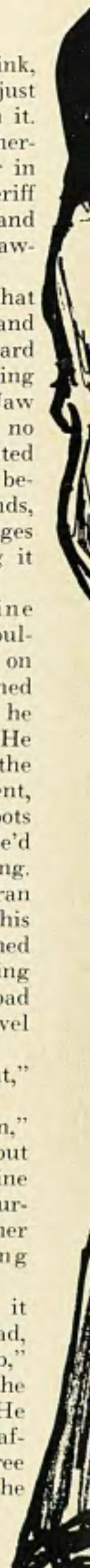
The six-foot, 220-pound wine hangover pulled a big man's shoulder roll and somehow ended up on his feet. He cautiously approached a dry creek bed from where he thought the .22 shots had come. He strained his eyeballs looking for the slightest bit of color or movement, saw nothing but some moving spots that had been with him since he'd pried his eyes open that morning. When nothing happened, Spot ran over to join him. As she reached his side, they heard the high-pitched whine of a two-stroke multi heading up the curving dirt access road through the timber to a gravel section road.

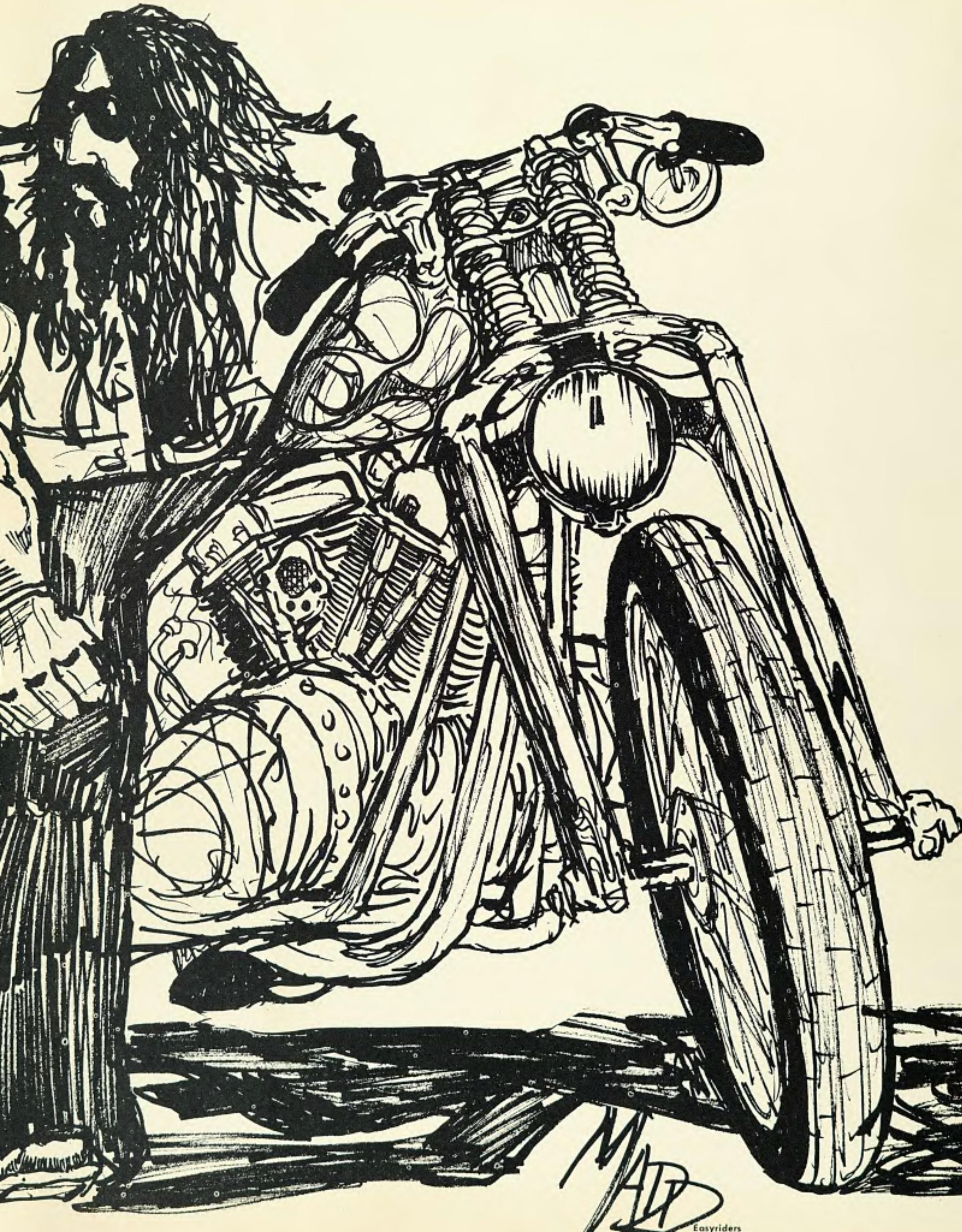
"That was no goddamn accident," Jaw growled. "You o.k., Spot?"

"A bullet hit me under the arm," she said, holding her right arm out from her body so Jaw could examine it. The bullet had torn a shallow furrow through the fleshy part of her underarm, which was bleeding slightly.

"We need something to wrap it with," he told her. "It's not bad, Spotty. Could have been your boob," he said, trying to make light of the fact that she had just been shot. He didn't have a handkerchief and, after living with her for the last three months, he knew she wasn't the handkerchief type.

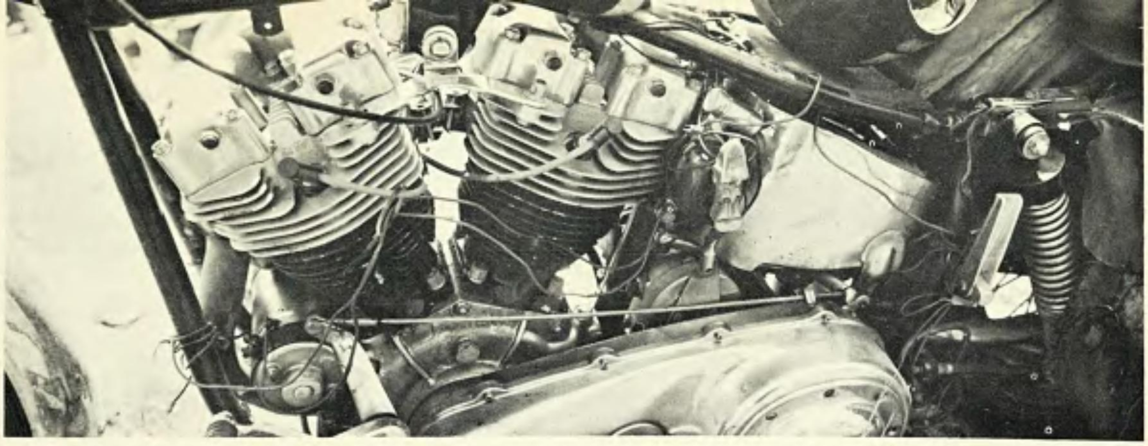
—Continued on page 62




Easyriders

Fantastically Beautiful (ulp!) Rat

Knowin' all of you out there in televisionland—and you in turn knowin'us—I'll bet my ass you think we're putting this scooter in this rag just to be able to flash on the chick. Well, you're dead ass wrong—do ya hear? You're wrong—and don't swing at me neither, or one of these long gangly arms of mine will snap out with all the power that three reds can give



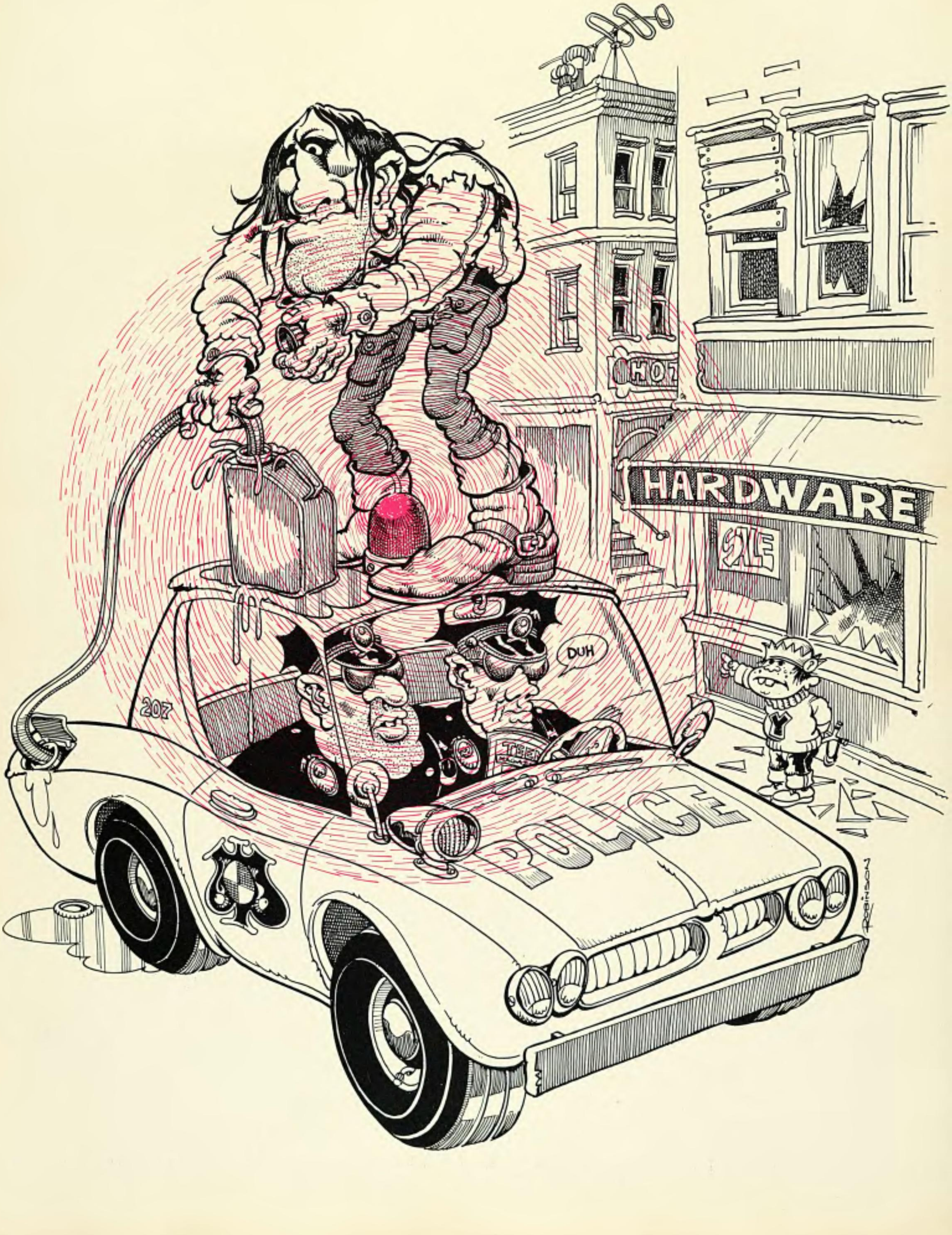
Easyriders photography by Billy Tinney

me. And don't go callin' your partners, 'cause I've got 4 million tons of back issues of this rag, and I'll bring them down on your skull.

Shut up! I've got somethin' to say—and I don't want any snickerin' or chucklin', or any of your bullshit while I'm being straight arrow with you people. Now I don't give a rat's ass what **you** think—**I** think this is a beautiful motorcycle. It's not my fault that some scrawny chick's got her ass blockin' your view of this masterpiece.

I hope that snickerin', lightweight, ain't at the motorcycle, because if it is—you just ain't got taste for Harleys. Maybe I should point out some of the finer points. Take a stone gaze at that leather-covered peanut. Or how about that chromed rear shock spring, or that mark of taste and quality—the chromed front fender? You've got to admit that's some cherry beast (the bike, numb-nuts, not the chick), right? See, I knew you'd agree.

—Renegade


HARDWARE
SALE
DUH
207
POLICE
ROBINSON

Gas Stops Along The Way

Hog riders share a lot of things. All of us know damn well what it's like to push a scooter in the night 'cause the thing needs fuel to run. Don't get me wrong, gas stations are plentiful enough. It's just that on occasion we figure they are always open or something clicks in our head about the sky or the legs on that waitress awhile back and leaning and shaking only gets you about three blocks, on my putt anyway, then it's all over.

Every time it happens to me I look for easy ways out. But I end up pushing anyway. Owning a Hog brings out the adventurer in me, the pioneer, innovator, creator, and most important—thief. Yeah you heard me, I said thief. Now I don't say steal all your gas, but what the hell would you say to some greasy-looking, bearded dude if he rapped on your door at three a.m. and said, "Can I borrow a can of gas?" You got to be kidding, man.

Nobody is gonna give a damn about a quart of gas, or a gallon, for that matter. How much gas shows on your gauge right now? No, man, not quarter, half or full. To the quart. Hell, nobody is that cheap.

Now let's get back to how and some of the sources, like lawn mowers, road graders, tractors—oh yeah, always smell it, 'cause some of those are diesels. You stupid, remember that Bronson flick when the dude put the bug repellent in the Sportster? Hmmmmmm.

The Highway Departments usually leave everything when they split for the day. Now hear this if it is dark, man: Igloo is not an oil company. It is a water cooler.

By all means, when enacting gas borrowing —yeah, borrowing—if you got a pen and paper, by all means, man, leave a note.

And a quarter or a dime or a buck. That way, if The Man comes—and they have a way of showing up at the oddest times, you know —show the man the note. Five will get you ten he has a gas can and he'll help you. If he gets smart, stay cool. Just stay cool. Nobody is going to press charges for a quart of gas. Most important, he'll see you are in a jam and help. I used this a few times and it does work. If you are not so equipped and get caught by The Man, or any man, play it by ear. Speaking a foreign language helps.

Forget stopping cars, 'cause nobody except scooter trash even wants to see bikes, much less to help a biker. If you happen to get stranded at a closed gas station, check the hoses, stretch hell out of them and keep them low to the ground. Take your Buck knife, cut an oil can top off, and squeeze, man. Instant gas. I always check to see if the pumps are on. Once I stopped at a station four times, always after twelve, and filled up 'cause this dude forgot to turn off his pumps. I wasn't out, but hell, it was on the way and it was free. That scene is a bit unhealthy though and can get you time.

Behind all gas stations are old junk cars, cans, mufflers, tires—you name it, it's there. You'd be surprised at what is behind some stations. Beware the dogs, though; they scare hell out of you at three in the morning. Once I caught a couple of dudes stripping a coupe. They freaked. Ended up they bought me gas and a couple of beers. Hell of a nice bunch of guys. If you're into crawling around underneath things and don't mind the smell of tetraethyl, get under one of those old clunkers, cut the gas hose, and have three or four oil cans or a gallon can ready. It comes fast as hell. Have a ⅜ths bolt ready too, so you can jam it in the hose to stop the gas from running all over. Speaking of hose, if you need a piece, check the driveway bell hose. Now be careful, because some of it is old and cracked from cars running over it. A hose like this will leak like hell when used as a siphon.

One time I cut an air hose—one that you crank to the air pressure you want. A truck must have been in there before me, 'cause that son of a bitch che-clanged che-clanged and, red-faced, I split a-hellin'. I had about a quart from the hoses and my putt started on the second kick. Thank God!

To avoid the above, you really ought to know how far you can go on a tank of gas. Or carry a bota. Or a hot water bottle full of gas. Oh, by the way, I'm writing this under an expressway bridge. It's raining pretty hard down here in Mississippi. I got one more joint to smoke. Oh yeah! One other thing—I'm out of fucking gas. Shit! ■

By Jim Gerlach

This Issue's Redeeming Social Value Feature:

A Legend Already

This is the saga of Big-Bike Mike,
Who rode one helluva trike.
With just three wheels—
I swear it's true—
He'd make those tires squeal,
And usually drove on two.
With a reputation as a boss swinger,
Everyone he'd pass, he'd flip the finger.
Then one day as he was barin' his ass
(Which was Mike's way of showin' class)
He bought the ticket and lost his luck,
Ridin' like a wrangler on the buck.
Some blamed the speed; others said he was gassed;
But we all knew Mike had ridden his last.
You can pass on a hill, or pass on the right,
But don't hit a semi in full ground-flight!

—Larry Montgomery
Kennewick, Washington

Shovelhead Blues

Worn-out Levi's
Ass showin' through
Boots need new soles
But I'll fix 'em with glue
Leather jacket's got a few tears and rips
Stash runnin' low, and no beer to sip
Troubles I've got; the heat's puttin' on the screws
Aw well hell, the price I pay for the shovelhead blues

—J. B. McGee

Breakdown

Breakdown
My trans in a thousand pieces on the ground
Got scratch in third; what a treat
Left my rear chain lyin' in the street
That rear jug was trouble too long
Good trip, now it's gone
Well, as long as the rubbers round
I can forever coast down
But too many slides to impress a chick
An' the ol' Goodyear's slick
And I begin to hear the hiss
From the glass I did not miss
Good luck
Oh fuck
I'm goin' down
And if it ain't the ground
A bump, then the ol' asphalt slide
Get up quick and check the hide
Jesus Christ, the primary's flat
And who knows where the fuck I'm at?
So if the fuzz comes I'll hide
And maybe it will snow and I'll slide
Because my boots are full of coke
And I'd like to take just one toke
Before I start pushing this ol' 74
Up Highway 44

—Snake

A 1%er is the one in a hundred of us who has given up on society and politicians' one-way laws. This is why we look repulsive; we're saying we don't want to be like you or look like you, so stay out of our face.

Look at your brother standing next to you and ask yourself if you would give him half of what you have in your pocket. Or half of what you have to eat. If a citizen hits your brother, will you be on him without asking why? There is no why. Your brother isn't always right, but he is always your brother! It's one in all. All in one. If you don't think this way, walk away, because you're a citizen and don't belong with us.

We are outlaws and all members will follow the outlaw way or get out.

All members are your brothers and your family. You will not steal your brother's possessions, money, women, class, or honor. If you do this, your brothers will do you!

—Hawkeye, Pres.
Nomads M.C. New Jersey

Max

Max was lean
And Max was mean
Always rode a shovel machine
Married this lady who wasn't his kind
Sold his machine for her peace of mind
Now she's bitchin'
And her tail's always draggin'
And now Max drives a station wagon

—J. B. McGee

Runnin'

Comin' down the mountain
On a cold and windy night
The fog is like a curtain
I'd rather be in a fight
Won't the sun come up
Or might the wind blow
I thought my heart stopped
It's so damn cold
Well, only 100 miles to go
Oh where's the next station
Don't ask me, I don't know
Sure glad I ain't impatient
If I could see my springer
It wouldn't be so bad
And if I had feelings in my fingers
I'd almost be glad

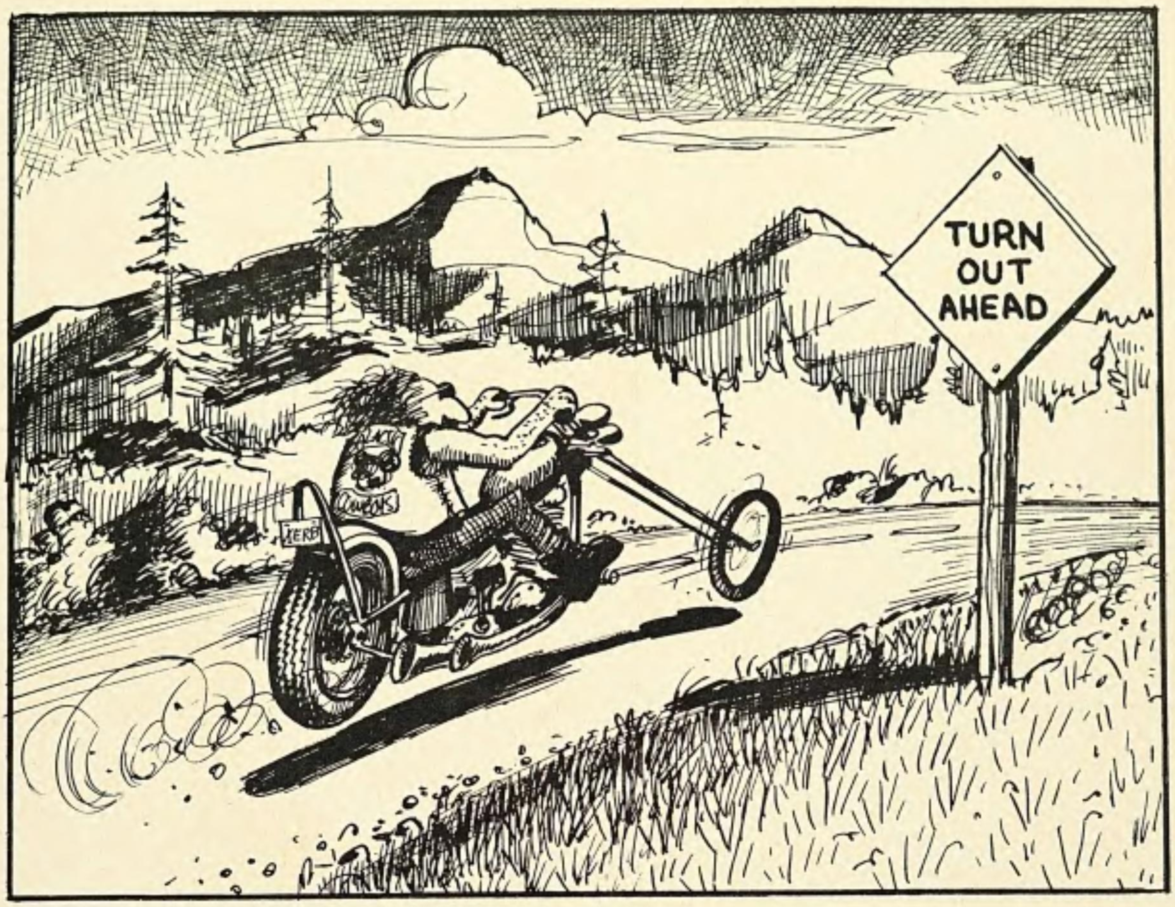
Been on the road for a week
And been awake most the time
My pan hasn't so much as creaked
And ain't once got out of line
I started out with a ten
Two numbers and a beer
Now I could even use some yen
And it seems like I ain't been wasted in a year
I need somethin' to eat
And my head is poundin'
Lord I wish I could see
Or even take a soundin'

Got busted and split the heat
The Man closed the roads
And radioed the county
They even called in the plainclothes
I couldn't make the boundary
My 74 didn't help
To keep me out of sight
So I hid the scooter and myself
For most of the night
Then along came the dawn
And a brother in a van
So we headed out of town
And away from The Man

I had to get out of Kansas quick
The snows were coming on
And it was getting mighty brisk
And The Man ain't gonna shine me on
I prayed to see the Colorado line
And I thought it was forever
Before I spotted the Utah sign
The cops in that state are clever
They came out of the woodwork
Stopped me at every other turn
They were dying to see me booked
Or hit me up for the ticket burn
Nevada, one state to go
Had a flat in the rain
Some righteous people showed
And before long I was back in my lane

Although I ain't got no chow
And no place to catch some z's
I'm going to dig it somehow
And maybe run across some beans
Because I'm stayin' once I'm there
Trip on the people and the scooters
Take some acid, feel the air
And find a chick who tutors
I need some good people and a job in a shop
I need a place where I'm free to go
This scooter still hasn't stopped
There's the sign San Francisco

—Renegade


TURN
OUT
AHEAD

KCUF
HARLY

by Larry W. (Rabbit) Cole

To My Brother, With Love

You may see me puttin' down the road on any given day. And should you get close enough, you may even be able to see a small metal swastika hanging from my left ear. It goes with me on all my runs, short or long. My brother Roy gave it to me. And just as I always have that earring, so too, I will always have my brother.

The bikes were lined up for a block and more, the long, sleek front ends stabbing forward. The patches, bearing the names of clubs that had sent representatives, were multi-colored. And even the grease and oil that had managed to soak into the cutoffs added a touch that was unforgettable. The sun reflected from miscellaneous chrome, evidence that each owner had worked long into the night to prepare for the day's event.

The entire line of scooters implied a party in the making. And the curious people who had never seen such an array of men and machines stared as the line fired their engines into life, the sound echoing, roar on roar, almost ear-splitting in its intensity. Even the sidewalk commandos and those who often ranted against the biker world stood in awe at the display they were witnessing. Yes, there was almost a party attitude. But not quite.

One glance at the face of any man on any one of the bikes was a warning. This was not a party, but something else. And you had only to let your eyes wander to the front of the pack to see what that something else was.

The long, black Caddy with the sign on its side proclaimed the news: J. R. Morton, Funeral Directors.

I sat on the big Hog directly behind the hearse. And through its back window I could see the casket of black and gold.

The panhead idled unwillingly beneath me, begging for movement. Inside me came an urge to rev the engine and jerk the springer high into the air. I wanted very much to do that. And as I did I wanted to scream out loud, "Fuck you, God! Fuck you!"

My hands felt numb. I glanced at the throttle and realized why. I was squeezing it so tight that I had cut off the circulation. Slowly I forced myself to relax.

All the way to the cemetery I reviewed my life with my brother. The brother I loved and who was no longer to ride with me. Laughing his ass off as he poured beer over my head at the run last year. No longer cussing me because I kept forgetting to return his tools. No more parties. No more fights. No more runs to be shared between us. It all seemed unreal. Somehow I expected him to pull up next to me and say something like "Hey, fuckhead, suck one!"

I found it hard to swallow. I needed a beer. Let's get this shit on with, man! Even as the thought crossed my mind the big Caddy moved forward.

The fuzz escorted us through one light after another. Now, that's a real laugh! Just a week ago they had pulled me and my brother over and given him a ticket for an unsafe front end! Well, that's one ticket they could cram up their asses!

I don't remember the services. Not really. My mind was on some yesterdays. Don't question the ways of the Lord. That's what Mom said. I couldn't tell her how I really felt. I love my Mom. But you can believe I question. When He takes my brother and lets one of His "followers" splatter my brother all over the freeway, man, fuck it, I question!

Afterwards I shook hands with some of the brothers who had showed at the services. And then I was puttin'. I don't know where. I didn't care. I was puttin' and that's what counts. I could feel my speed at over 80. The road was beginning to curve, so I schooled myself to slack off a bit. The big m:n resented any cutback in gas. But I was soon doing 50 and feeling better.

My eyes swept the hills as I rode. Long and low and very green hills. Here and there a tree dotted the countryside, like a squatter proclaiming his right to that particular piece of earth.

The sun poked rays through the big elms, and for a while I rode, entranced. First in a spot of sun and then into shadows. I felt myself relax and my spine pressed into the naugahyde of the seat. My mind no longer haunted itself with memories.

I brought my left hand up and wiped my face. It came away wet. It must have been from the wind. Yeah, the wind.

I should have gone to the party. All the brothers would be there now. Again I felt myself tightening up inside. Shit! I gotta get my head together! Think of a song, man, think of anything that will keep your head busy! Santana. Think about Santana. Guitar playing. Hey, man, remember when you and Roy were in the county jail? Remember how he said that side reminded him of puttin' through the countryside?

Well, I'll be goddamned! This is it! This is the place he was talking about!

The tension went out of me and I felt at ease now. The hostility was gone. The whole scene seemed real and peaceful. And . . . well, as it should be. Yeah, that's it, as it should be.

I readjusted my feet on the highway pegs and felt the gentle motion of the big bike as I leaned into each curve. Long and sweeping curves. Santana played his song in my head as I made each turn. Right . . . slowly . . . gracefully. Now left . . . slowly . . . gracefully.

The sun warmed me. The air was pure and clean. The trees and grass soothed me as I rode. And Santana played his song in my head. No tension. No hate. No fear. Just me and my scoot and peace.

I smiled to myself. I know I was alone on that run. Yet . . . I was not alone. From the corner of my eye I saw another scooter.

I heard the sound of its engine.

I saw the color of its paint.

I felt its presence beside me.

And I knew its rider even before I turned my head.

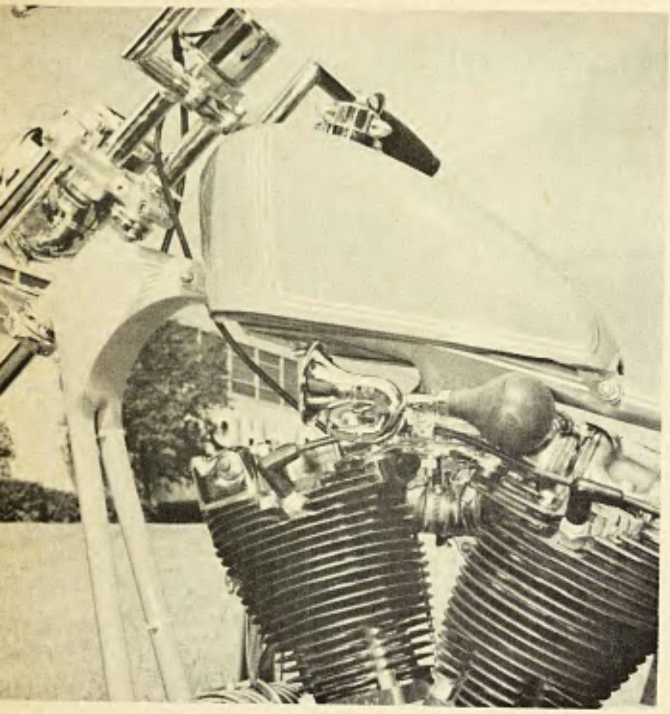
My smile reflected my inner feelings a thousand times over.

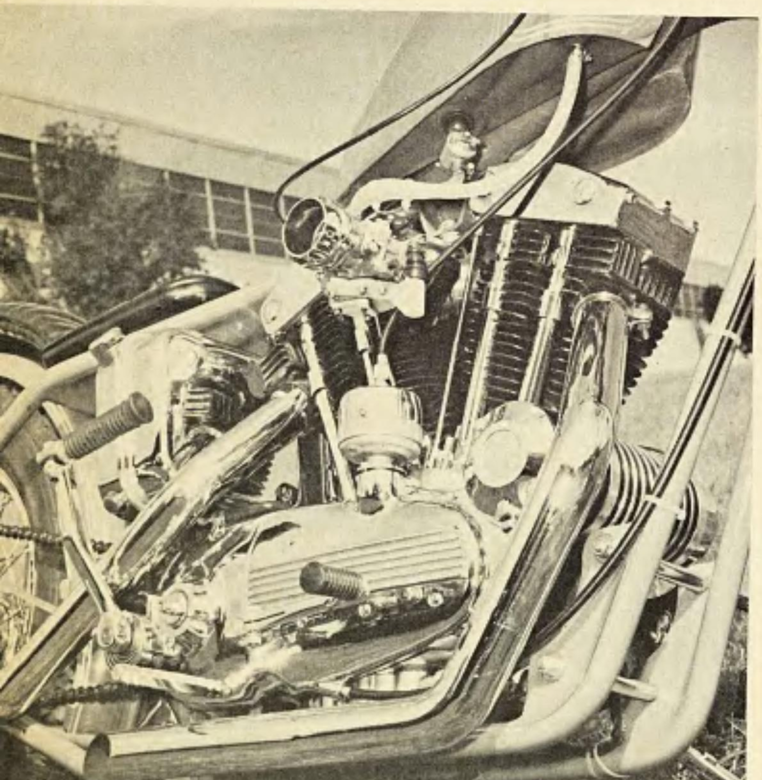
For there, beside me, riding tall and laughing, was my brother.

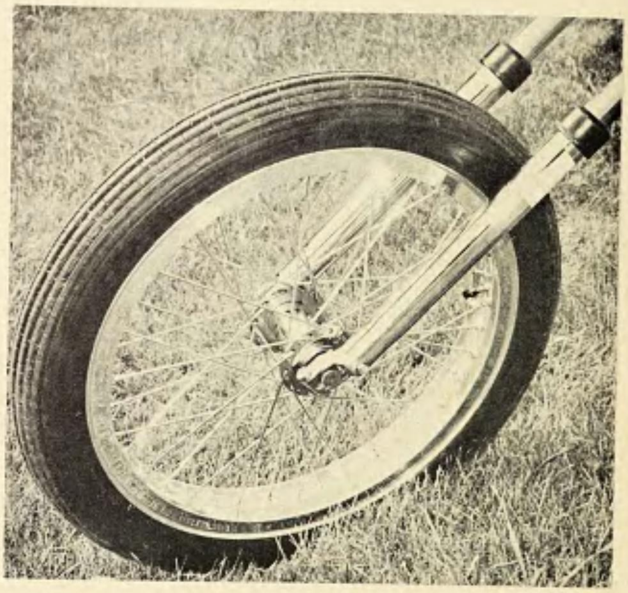
A Biker Foresees His Death

I dreamt I died by truck
Carrying what commodity to what market
I know not.
Sudden the impact.
Flung
Like seed, entering earth
To nuture what stone? what tree?
With my blood.

—Elliott Fried



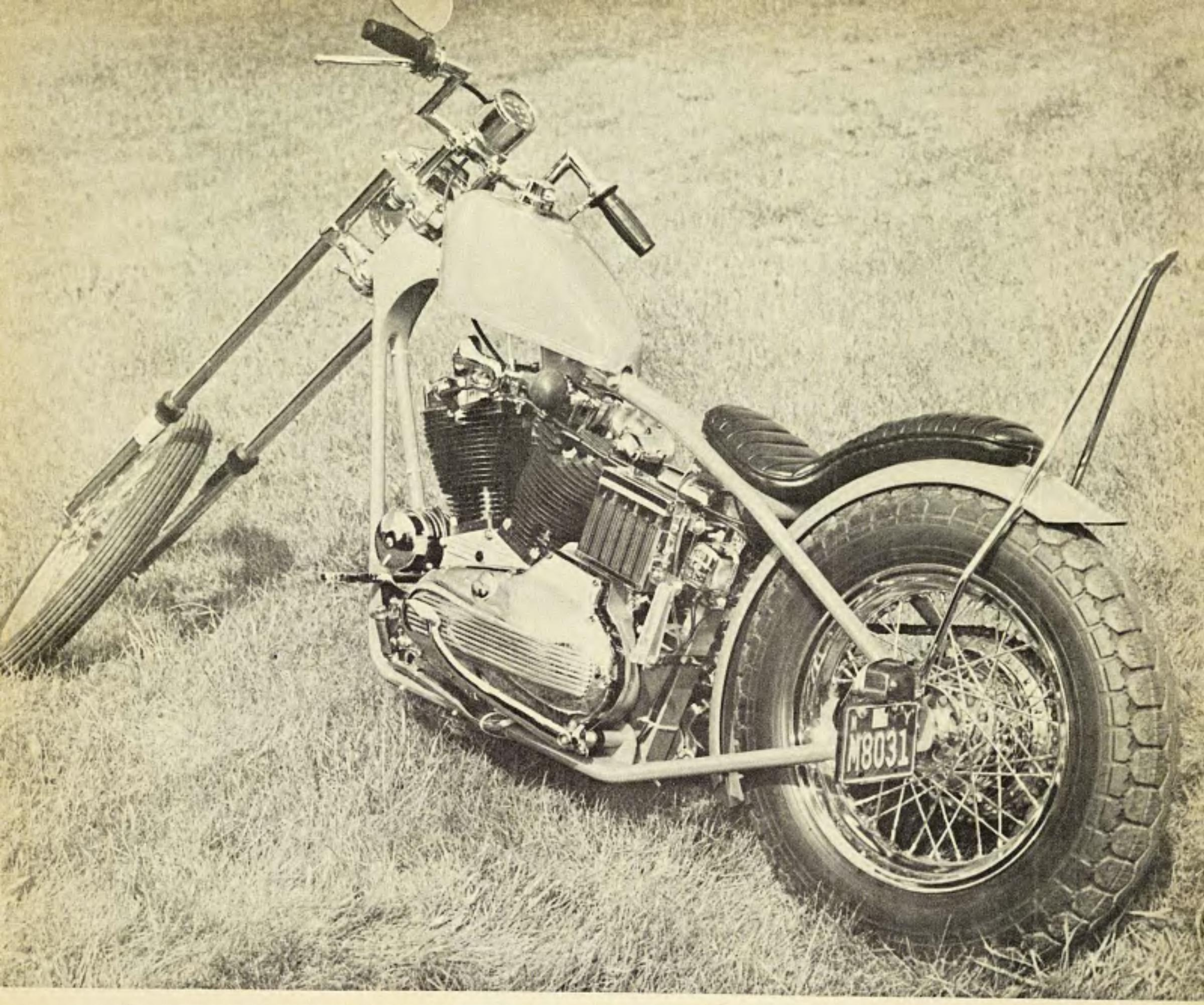




Five Paint Jobs Later

Motorsickle painters tend to be a pretty imperturbable bunch of dudes (see, we can even spell those there big wer . . wur . . weurds). Scream at 'em about how your two-hundred-buck lacquer job shriveled up into a Phyllis Diller replica and they might raise an eyebrow. Stomp up and down while tellin' them that your pinstriping turned into chicken farts and blew away in the smog and they might answer, "Mmphh." And if they're anything like Tom Farrell up in Syracuse and do righteous paint work, then you won't even have a chance to hassle 'em about that. What does it take to get such dudes riled? World War III? Legal shovelheads for thirty-five bucks? A night with Miraculous Mutha?

Nope. But there *is* a certain small red Sportster that Tom doesn't like to look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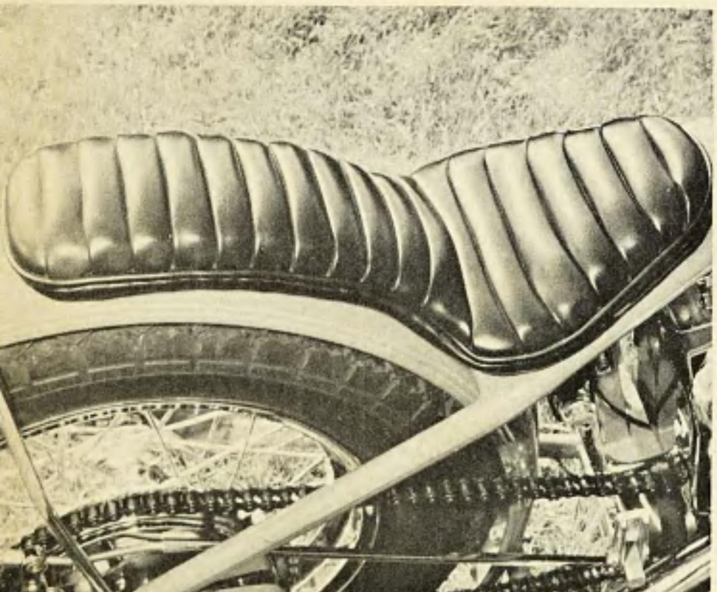

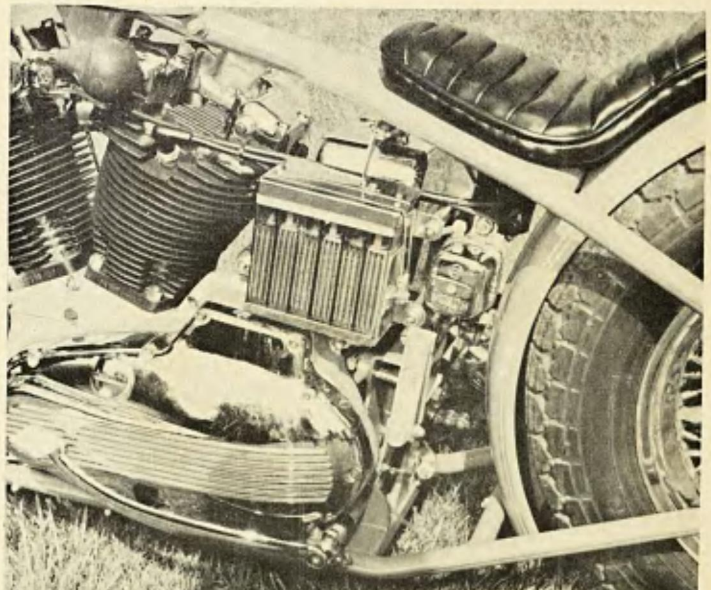

Photos and story by Jake

Owner: Ron Yehle	City: Syracuse, N.Y.	
General	**Chassis**	
Fabrication by: Jim DeLucia	Frame builder: AEE	
Year and Make: 1970 H-D	Year and make: 1973	
Model: Sportster	Rake: 10°	
Value: $2,900	Stretch: 6 inches	
Assembly by: Ron Foeder	Rear Suspension: rigid	
Time: 2 years	**Accessories**	
Chroming by: National Plating	Bars: 4-inch Z bars	
Engine	Risers: 4-inch plug-in	
Year: 1970	Fender(s): steel with rolled tip	
Model: XLCH	Headlight: stock	
Builder: Syracuse H-D	Taillight: Lucas	
Ignition: 6V	Speedo: none	
Displacement: 55 cu. in.	Foot pegs:	
Balancing: Stock	Front: hex	
Pistons: 9:1	Back: on special bar	
Cam: PB's	Gas tank: Sportster	
Lifters: solids	Oil tank: Sportster (late style)	
Carb(s): Tillotson	Primary cover: stock	
Air cleaner: none	Seat material: rolled naugahyde	
Shifter: foot	Sissy bar: by Jim DeLucia	
Pipes: drage type	Height: 12 in. above fender	
Muffler(s): none	Material size: ½ in. round	
Gearing:	**Forks**	
Engine sprocket: stock	Type: extended Sportster	
Trans sprocket: stock	Type front rail:	
Painting	Extension: 12 inches	
Molding: Lenny Smith	Builder: Forking by Frank	
Painter: Tom Farrell	**Wheels**	
Color: candy apple red	**Front**	**Rear**
Type: acrylic lacquer	Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
	Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: stock
	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire size: 3.25 x 19	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
	Make: Pirelli	Make: Pirelli

Other special modifications: 74 kickstand adapted to front motor plate.

at when it goes by. You see, he painted that scoot . . . and painted it . . . and painted it.

And believe it or not, every job was just about as free from pimples and dog-squeeze as the one that's plastered on these pages. But each one in turn got the strip-eze treatment, 'cause the color or the pattern didn't seem quite right for the bike. Y'know, to find a classy scheme to match a certain style of scoot, you've sometimes gotta play Mission Impossible with a spray gun.

The first time around it was black flake. It looked jes' great—but maybe a hair too somber. Next Tom did a red scallop job. Bitchin'—but pretty busy looking. How about yellow candy? Outta sight, except a trifle gaudy . . .

Well, anyhow, sometime during the struggle, Ron Foeder, the original owner, sold the scoot to Ron Yehle. And he's had the decency to have it repainted only once. In fact, he promises everyone it's gonna stay that way—at least for a couple of weeks. ■

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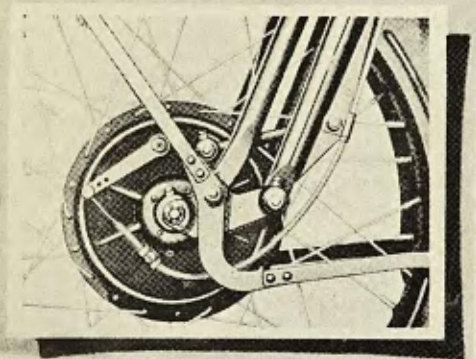
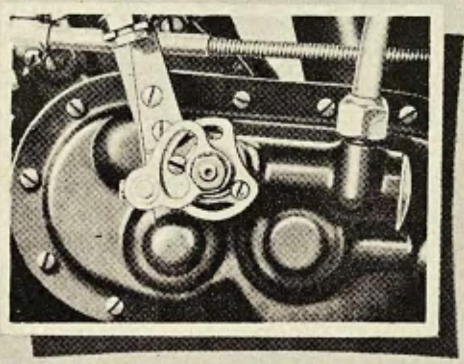


2 Brakes!

New built-in Front Wheel Auxiliary Brake—first time in America! Handy control from left handlebar acts on big internal expanding Harley-Davidson type brake. Big aid to riding in traffic—big safety factor at all times! Try it!

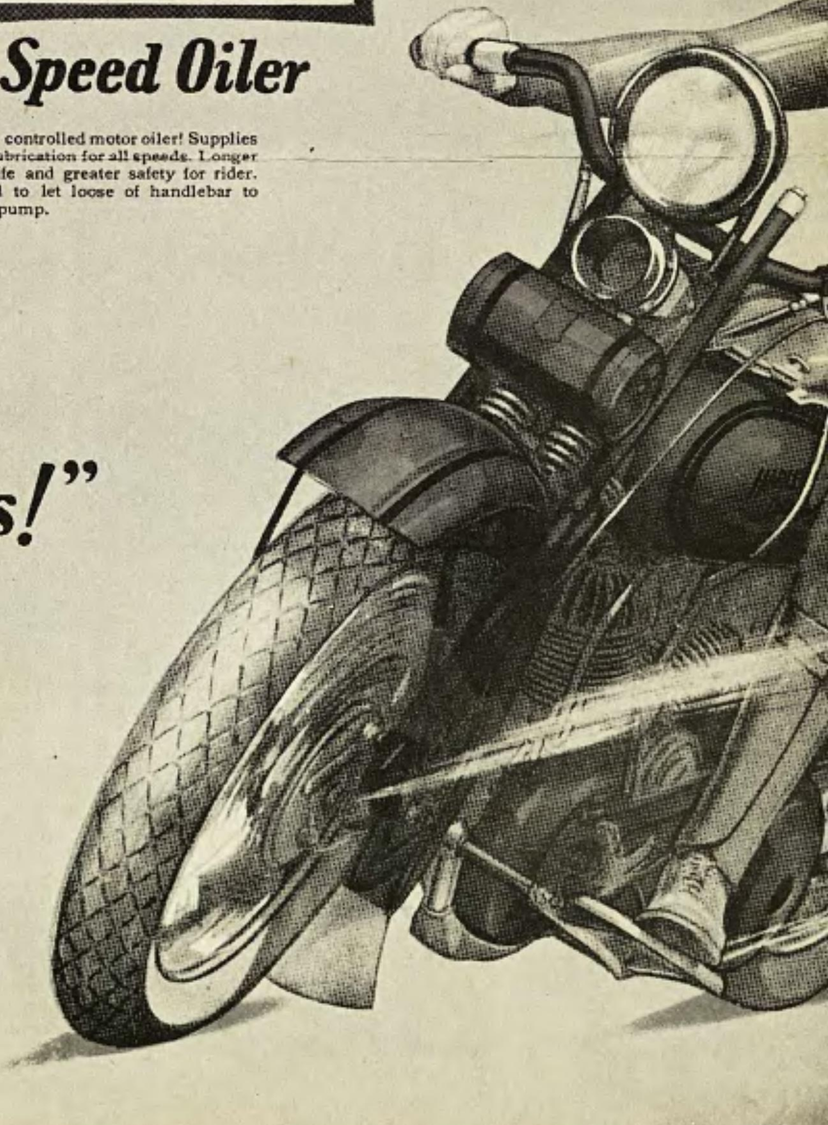


All Speed Oiler

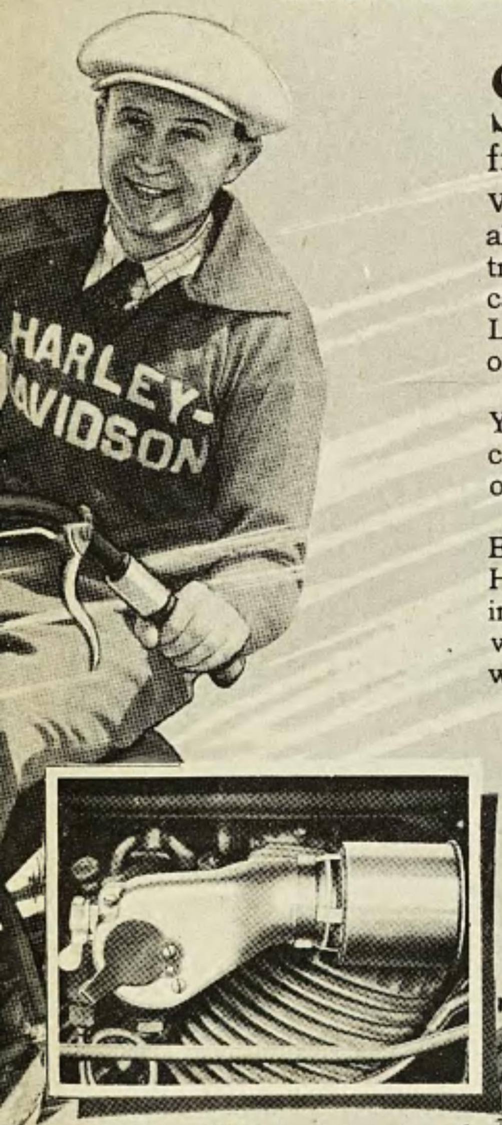
Throttle controlled motor oiler! Supplies proper lubrication for all speeds. Longer motor life and greater safety for rider. No need to let loose of handlebar to operate pump.

"~and boy how she handles!"

Here's the new Special Sport-Solo Twin. Just what the solo rider has always wanted. Never such smooth gliding speed! — such steady flow of power! — such a hold on the road! —such easy handling! Lay her down on the corners — lay her into the curves! You'll get a kick out of riding you've never known before. Dow metal pistons, smaller wheels, racy tanks, roadster handlebars. *Some* solo motorcycle!



ow
Bigger Thrill
you cut loose
928 HARLEY-DAVIDSON



SPEED and power with doubled safety for both rider and motor! A built-in front wheel brake in addition to the rear wheel brake gives you positive control at all times. Just what you have to have for today's traffic. And then the greatest advance in motor lubrication in years—the throttle controlled all-speed oiler. Longer motor life—less need for attention—keeps you out of the repair shop.

Yes, and a carburetor air cleaner, too! Only a fresh clean mixture for your motor. Less carbon, less wear on working parts—still more motor life!

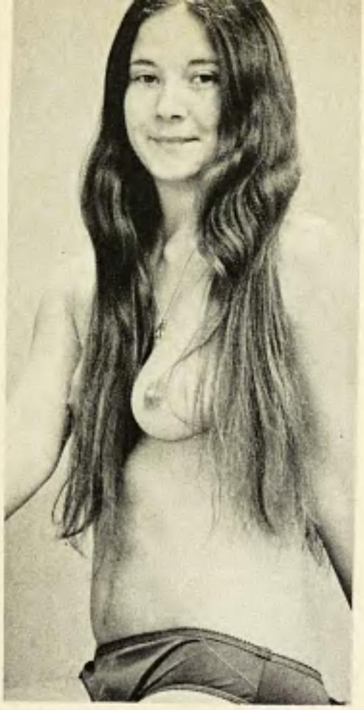
Every feature an integral and built-in part of the new Harley-Davidsons—not attachments! Always outstanding values, the 1928 Harley-Davidsons lead the field with these wonderful advancements. They're yours with *no increase in prices!*

Air Cleaner!

Now an air cleaner on the 1928 model! Injurious grit and dirt is trapped and expelled with this carburetor air cleaner. Reduces carbon and wear on reciprocating parts. More motor life!

Chummy side car!

New Chummy Sidecar! Body lowered and set forward—brings passenger closer to rider. Sidecar wheel moved forward—greater ease in taking curves. Greater stability with lowered center of gravity. The new design makes the entire combination ride and handle better. Snappy streamline appearance!



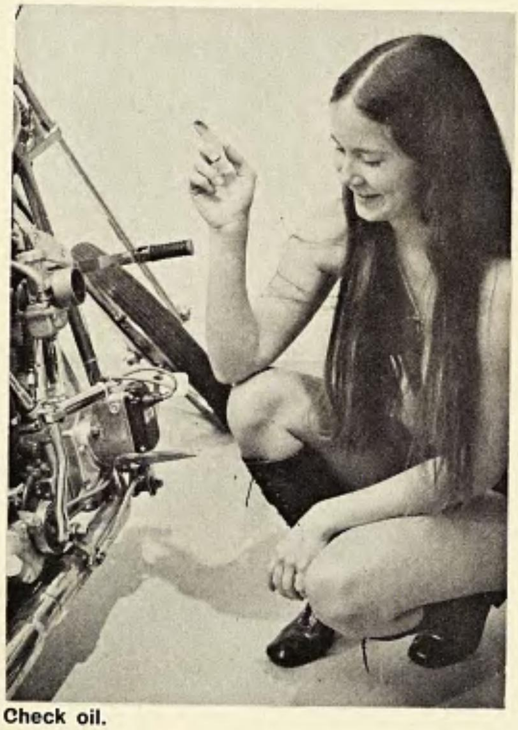
Dirty Chauvinist Trick

Cheryl knows nothing about motorcycles. Well, maybe we shouldn't say *nothing*. She knows where the seat is and where the tires are, and maybe a few other things like that—but don't ask her to check the oil.

Being male chauvinist pigs—and not being entirely against gawking at a semi-nude young thing bending her tender body into different positions—we decided to have a little fun (the kind we can put in a family rag like this). So we made up a list of ten different things for Cheryl to do to the scoot you see here. With absolutely no help — no groans, no snickers, no laughter —she was instructed what to do. The photos accompanying this drivel indicate what she did after each instruction. We printed only the instruction under each photo —you can tell from each shot what part she went to in an attempt to follow the instruction.

The first picture does require an explanation. When she was asked to check the oil, she searched the engine over, poking her finger here and there. Finally, sticking her finger into some grease and road crud, she held up the finger and proudly said, "I found it!"

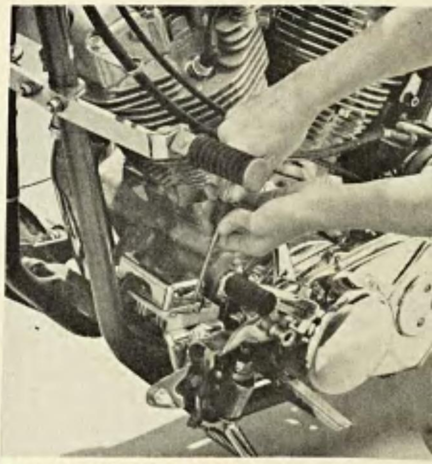
Disclaimer (also known as a cop out): So that we don't get the crap kicked out of us by our female friends—we want you all to know that we love you—and no, we don't know how to bake a cake. ■



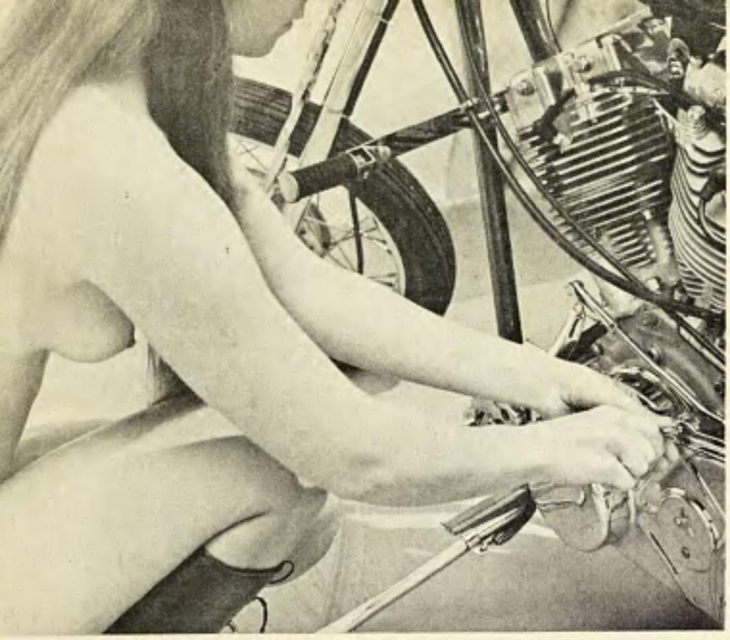
Check oil.

Remove chain guard.

Remove horn.

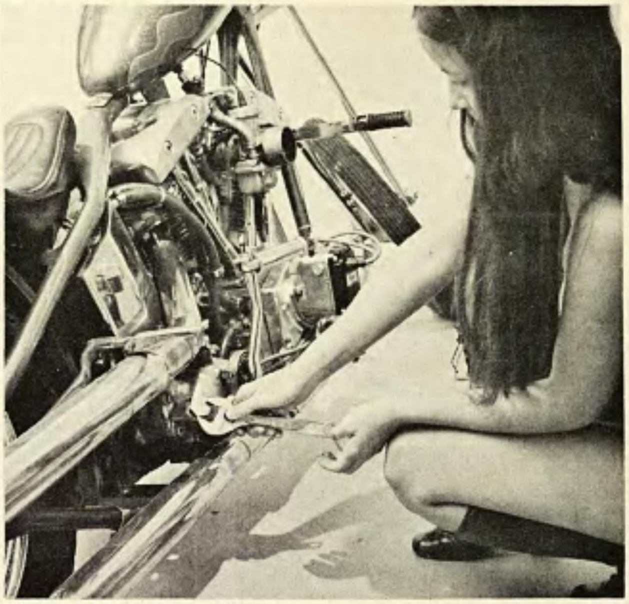


Remove primary cover.

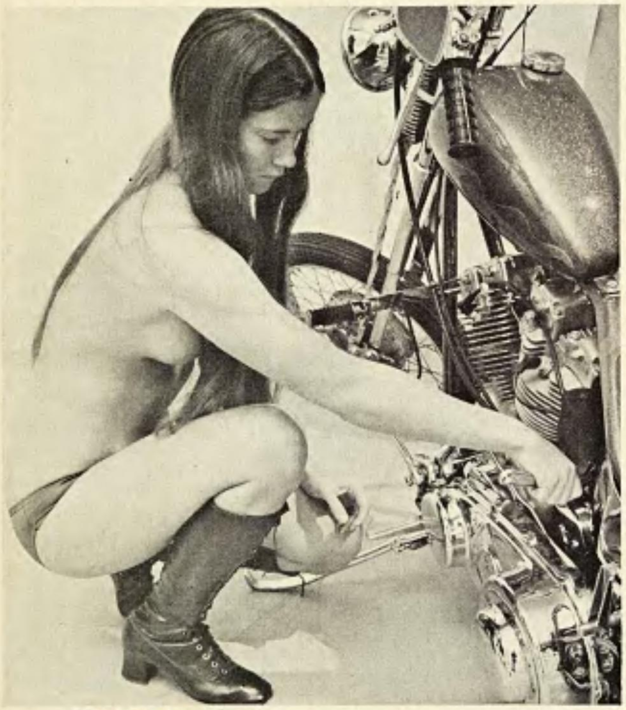


Remove inspection plate.

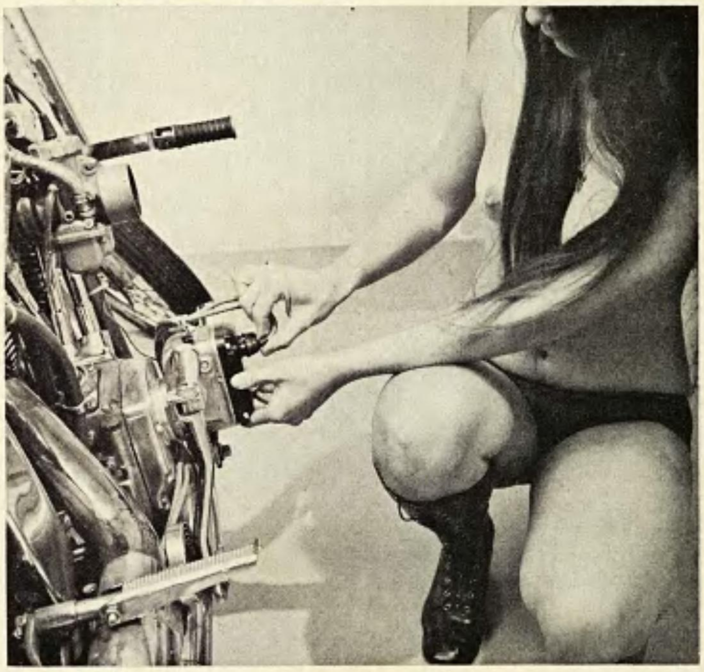
Model: Cheryl Hughes.



Check transmission oil.

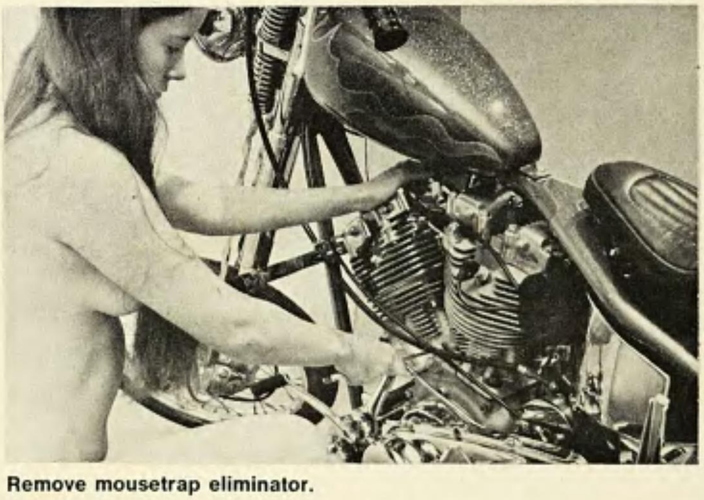


Tighten brake rod.



Inspect coil.

Remove derby cover.



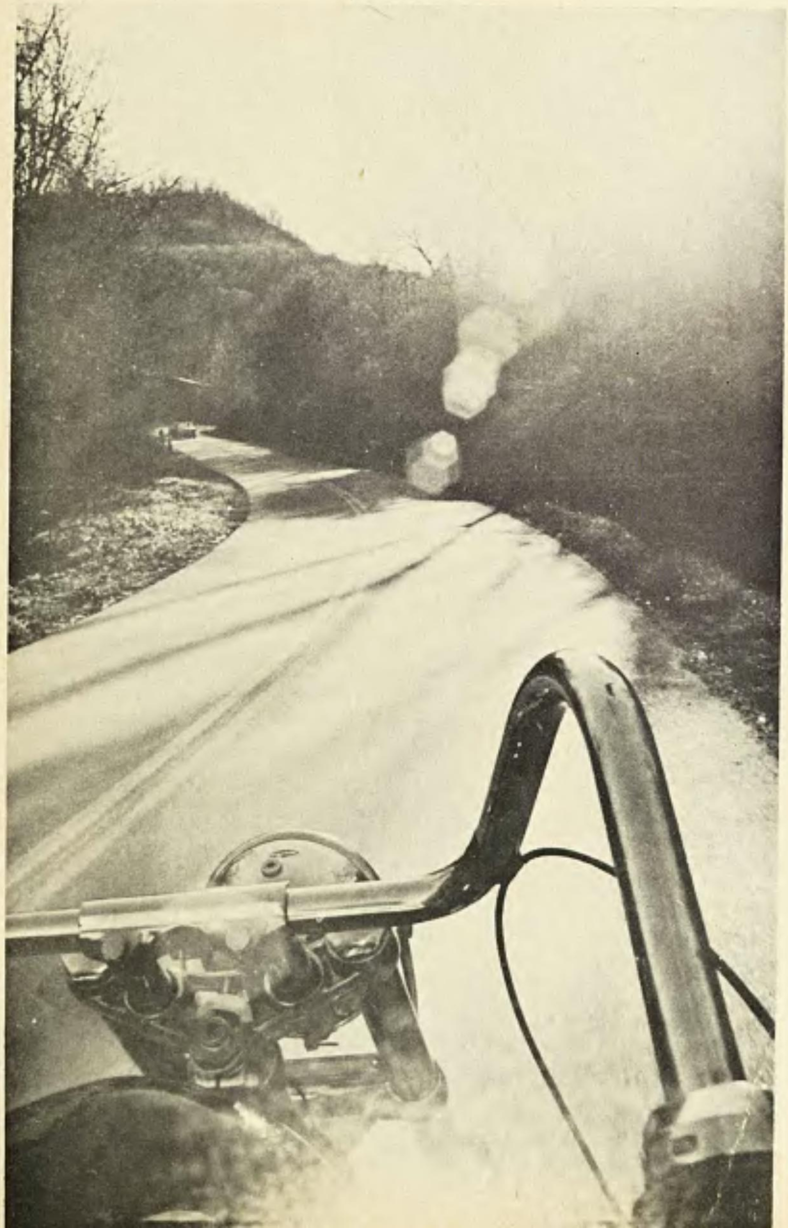
Remove mousetrap eliminator.

In the Wind

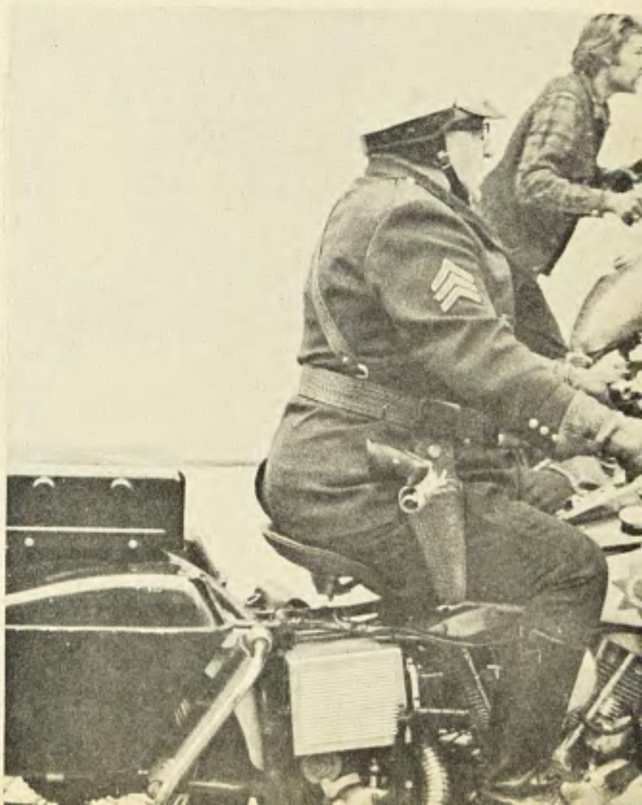
As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.

—From Savage, Salt Lake City, Utah.

—From Dave Farner, Senoia, Ga.



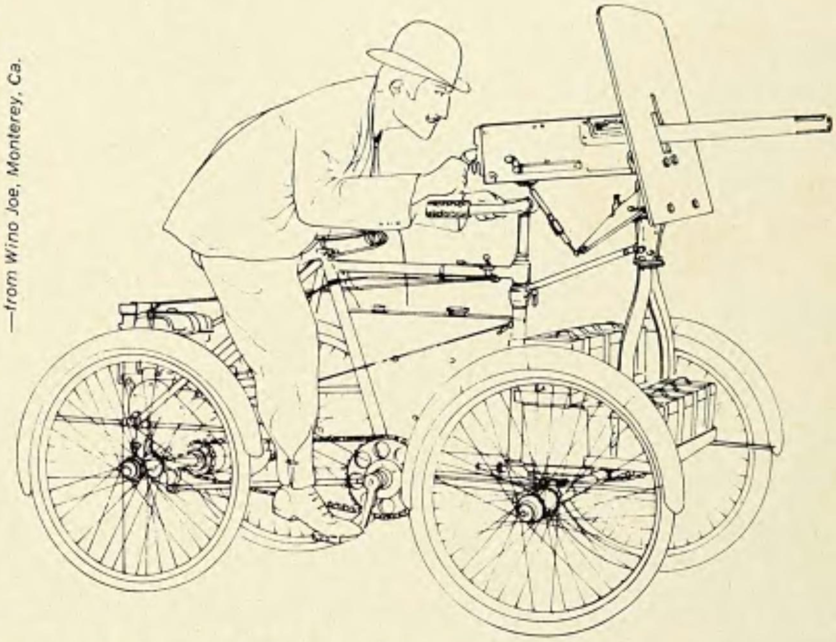
—From Chuck Flett, Middlesboro, Ky.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

—From John Carney, Santa Cruz, Ca.

—From Mike Daly, Canoga Park, Ca.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.

—From Mike Bernstein, Valley Stream, N.Y.

Easyriders will pay $10 for black & white photos, and $20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot. Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints or color negatives) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage.

—Rita Eveland.

—Rita Eveland.

—from Russell Neely, San Jose, Ca.

—from Faye Wallace, Granite City, Ill.

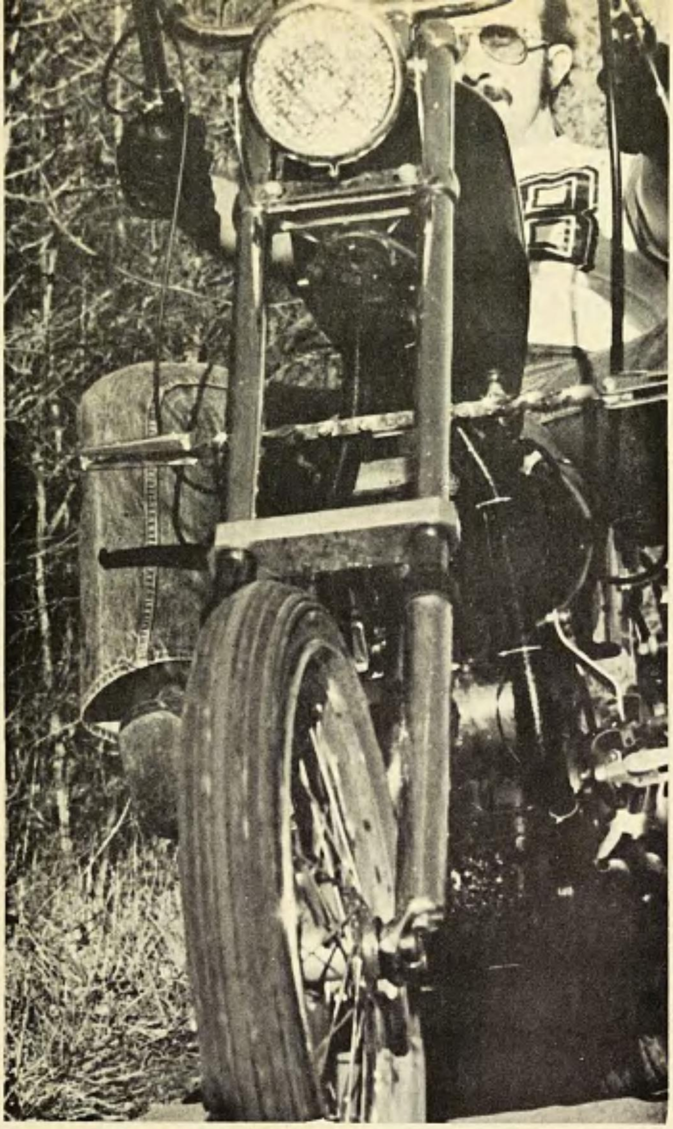
—Bill Deterich, Seal Beach, Ca.

—Yeah, that's Fonda.

—From Donivan Earhart, Clarksville, Tenn.

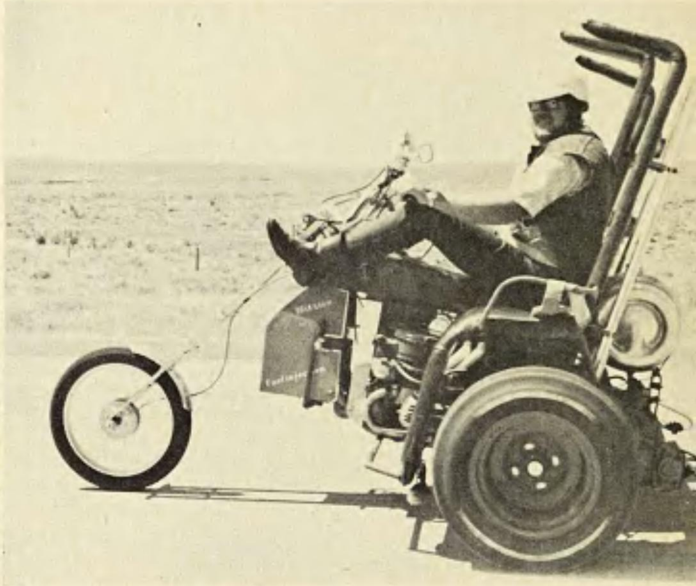
—From B. Olney, APO 96234.

—from Bill Coffey, Chowchilla, Ca.

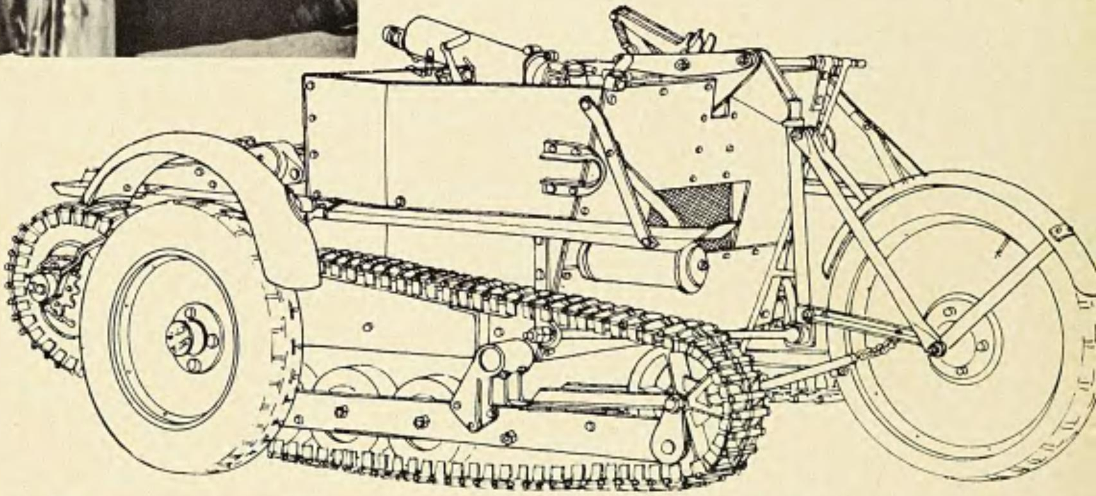


—From Chuck Flett, Middlesboro, Ky.

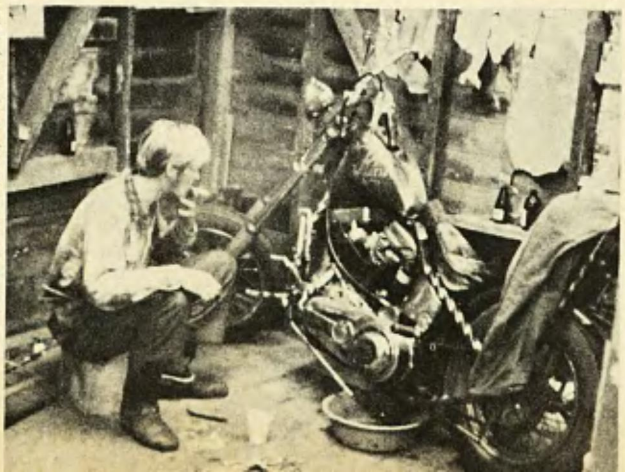
—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Del Blehm, Fort Collins, Colo.



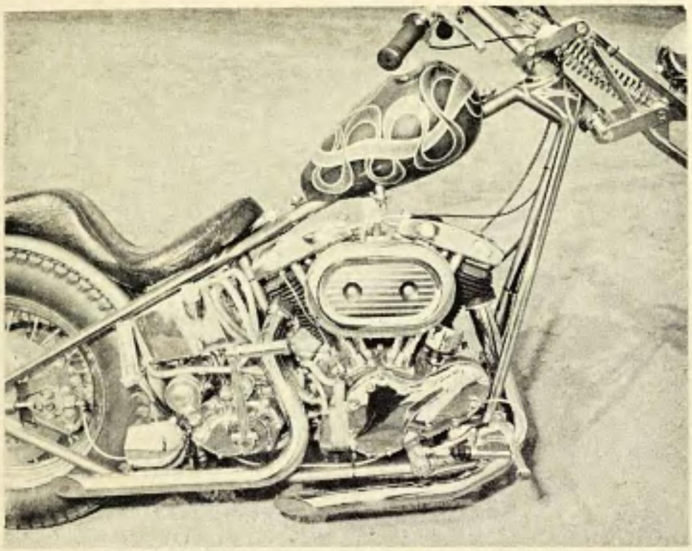
—From Brian Reter, Clinton, Ia.

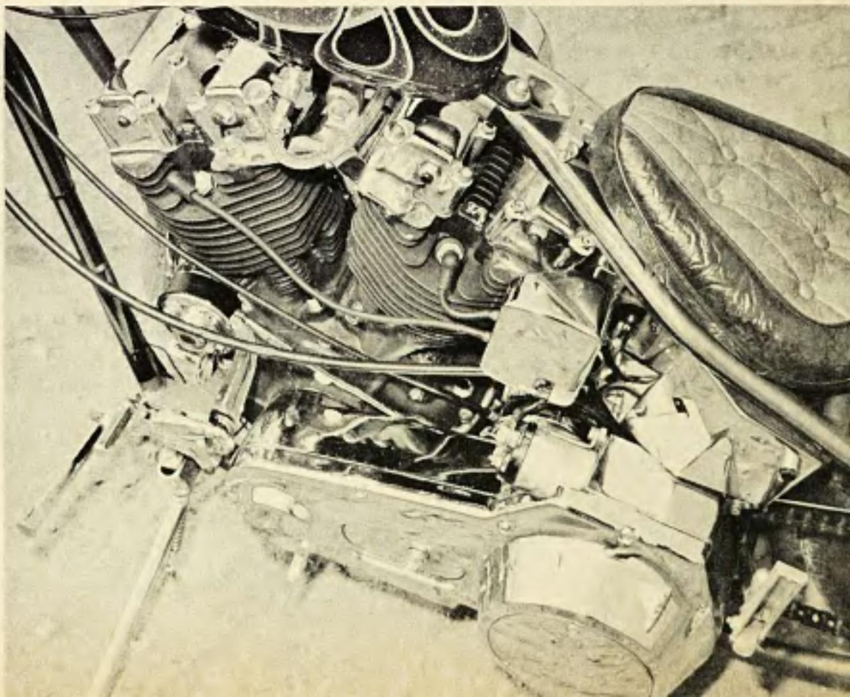


—From Brett Gilbert, Kinnelon, N.J.

Be it a ding from a dropped wrench, a chip or a nick caused by a moment's carelessness—anyone who has built a bike will immediately identify with the problem depicted in this issue's painting by Dave Mann. It could be entitled "Oh, no!" Turn the page and see what we mean.

CHROME NUTS & WASHERS
STONEY
Easyriders Magazine





Where in hell's my gas tank?

At one time or another every brother knows someone who just before getting his bike on the road had his chrome or frame ripped off, or the shop rebuilding his engine lost it. Nothing is worse than to have bike parts ripped off or a hassle just before the bike is completed, or having something happen to delay the time when the bike will be on the road. And what if the dude is putting together his first scooter and one of these hassles becomes his first initiation into the bike scene? It would be enough to change his thing to sailing boats.

Dean Pettigrew had this sort of trip fall on him while putting his scooter together, and this isn't his first one. The first time I saw this bike, all the basics were in except for the tank and wiring, and a few other details. When I asked him where his tank went to he got all uptight, started foaming at the mouth, steam poured out of his ears and the joint in his mouth lit without a match. Then he shouted, "Don't trust fucking backyard

—Continued after two pages of photos

Owner: Dean Pettigrew **City:** Anaheim, California

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1968 H-D
Model: Shovelhead
Value: $3000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 1 year
Chroming by: Thompson Plating

Engine

Year: 1968
Model: 74 FLH
Builder: owner
Ignition: 12V
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Balancing: stock
Pistons: Stock
Cam: 412 Sifton
Lifters: Solid
Carb(s): Mikuni
Air cleaner: H-D
Shifter: foot
Pipes: drag type
Muffler(s): none
Gearing:
  Engine sprocket: 24
  Trans sprocket: 23

Painting

Molding: John Gilbert
Painter: Rex
Color: blue
Type: poly flake

Chassis

Frame builder: Denver
Year and make: 1973
Rake: 40°
Stretch: 4 inches
Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

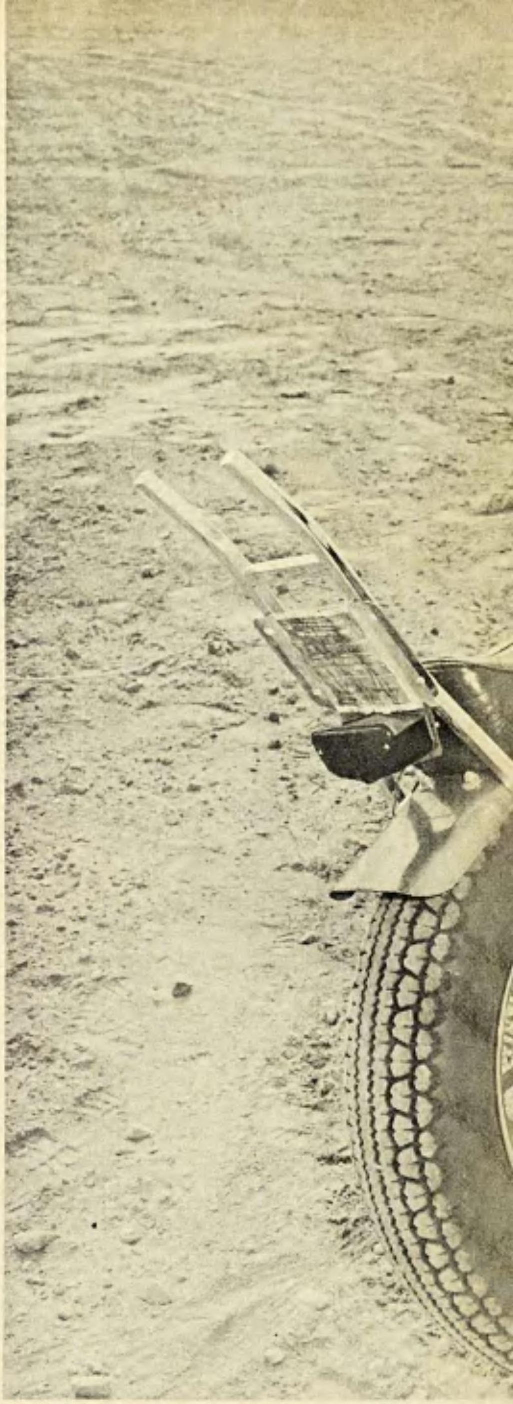
Bars: drag
Risers: By-Gone Risers
Fender(s): Flat (5 inches)
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: MC
Speedo: VDO
Foot pegs:
  Front: Satan Enterprises
  Back: Satan Enterprises
Gas tank: Paughco
Oil tank: A-J Mfg.
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: naugahyde
Sissy bar:
  Height: 15 inches
  Material size: ⅝-in square

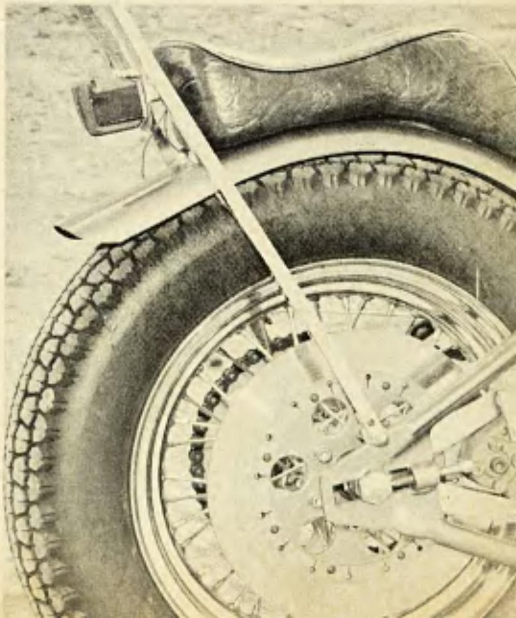
Forks

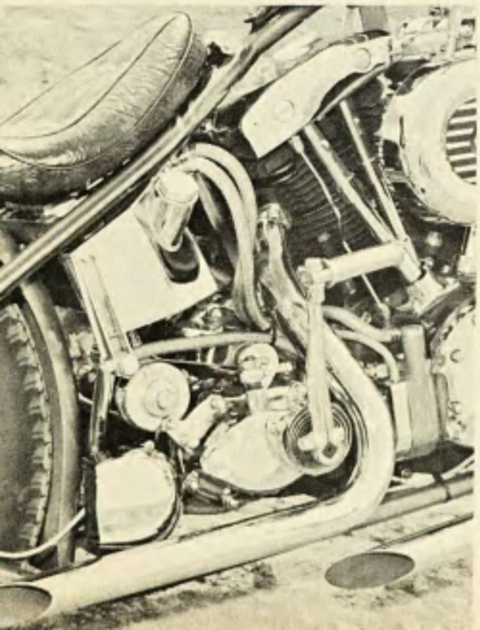
Type: girder
Type front rail:
Extension: 28 inches over
Builder: Cycle Seat

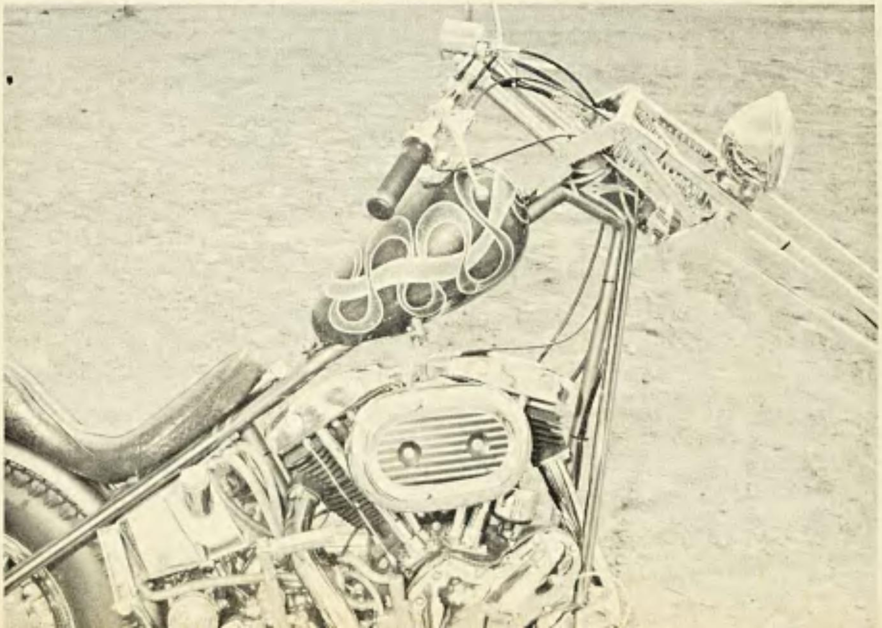
Wheels

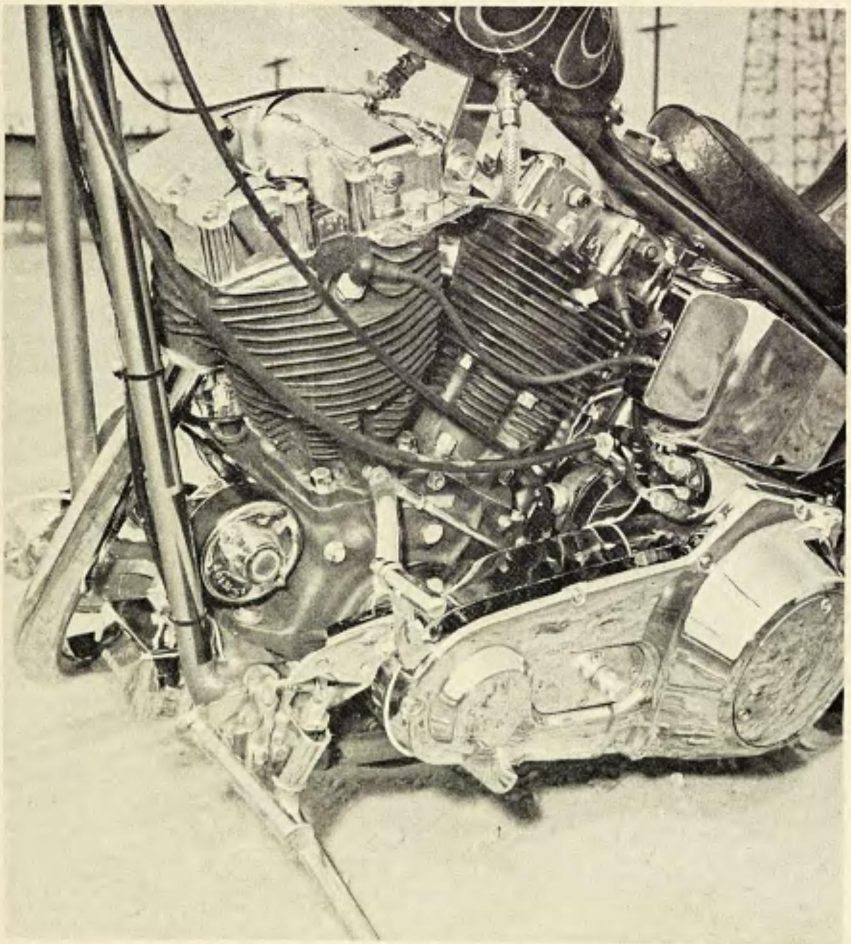
Front	Rear
Size: 17-inch	Size: 16-inch
Hub/brake: Hallcraft	Hub/brake: disc
Rim width: wm 1	Rim width: wm 3.5
Tire size: 2.50 x 17	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon











painters!" I let him take a few tokes, and I took a few myself, and we kicked back on the old sofa in his garage and shut off the working on the bike. Weed tends to encourage a lot more gazin' and trippin' than work, so we tripped a while on the bike and then the conversation worked back to the painter.

Dean explained the risk a dude is taking when he turns over a $240 frame, $10 fender, and $60 tank to some lacquer hype doin' a number every day on his head while painting shit in his garage. He said he gave the dude his shit, then a couple of weeks later he returned to find that the dude had hit the road. After a couple of weeks he found the cat and copped his frame back. Not a real good job, but not a bad job either. But when he went back for the fender and tank the dude had done a metal flake trip and disappeared again. Dean found his fender at the cat's mother's pad and he almost had to get a court order to get the ol' lady to cut loose with it. When she did, she laid on Dean that her youngster had gone to Canada with his tank. Needless to say, Dean snapped and almost ate the ol' lady's face. The fender was cool, but the lame painter had painted all the fancy shit right where the seat had to be. Dean has yet to see his tank and wants to warn other cats building bikes to be sure of the people who are going to do the work before they cut loose with their parts. Naturally not all painters, chromers, or home engine rebuilders are rip offs but it only takes one to ruin your whole day.

—Snake

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And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

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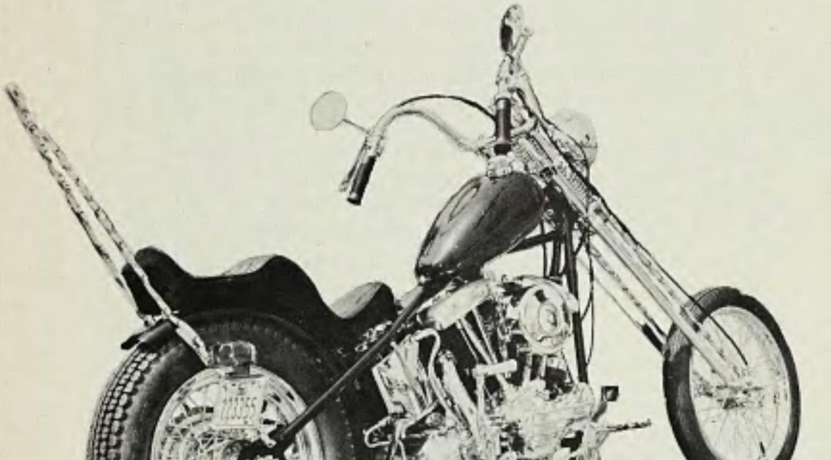
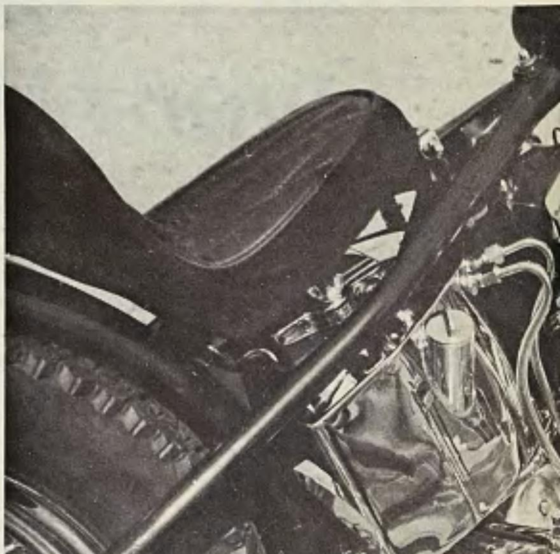
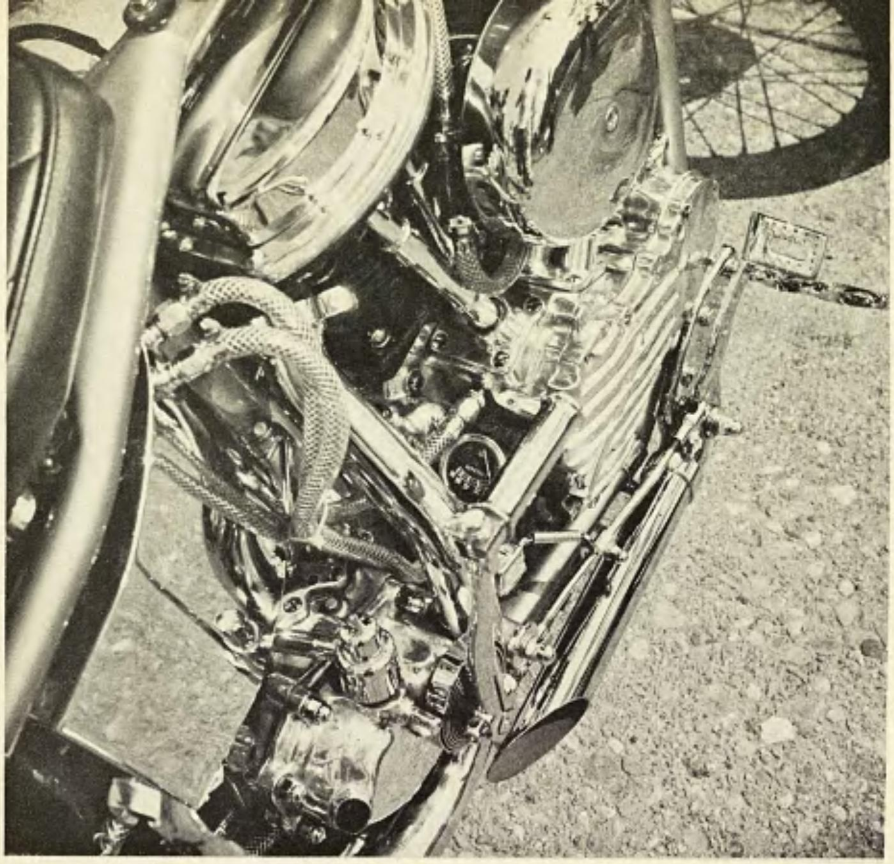
Do you own a bike?______ Make?________
Do you plan to customize It?______ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine?________

East Side, West Side— Who Gives a Damn?

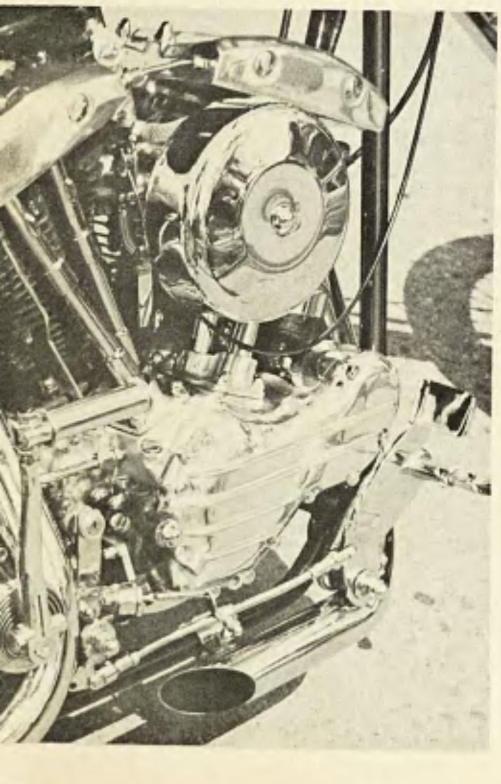
Remember the last time you were gazing at some rank-looking chop mag and a partner made some off-the-wall comment like, "There's another one of those California slop

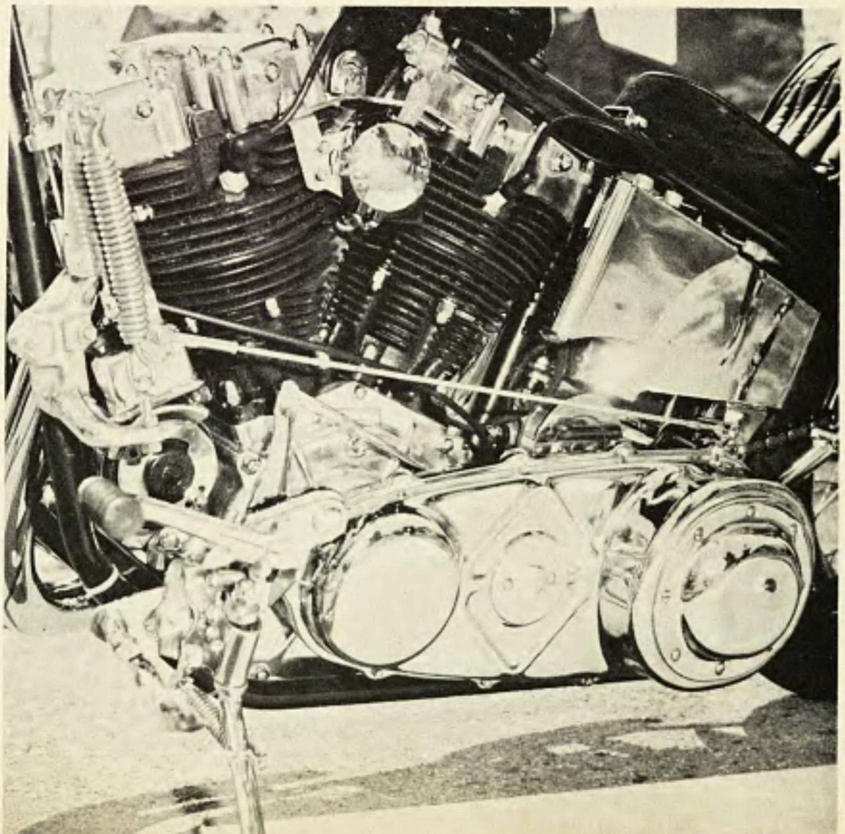






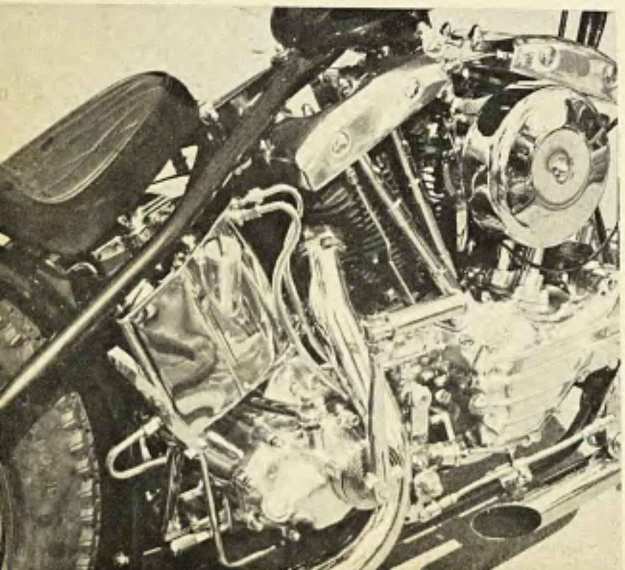
jobs." Or while you're guzzlin' in the local pub some cat comes runnin' in screamin', "Jesus Christ, you guys got to see this sled outside! The guy has got to be from the east coast. It's painted so many colors I thought it was an explosion." People are constantly running around rapping about East Coast bikes, Southern bikes, California scoots, etc. And while loaded, even my

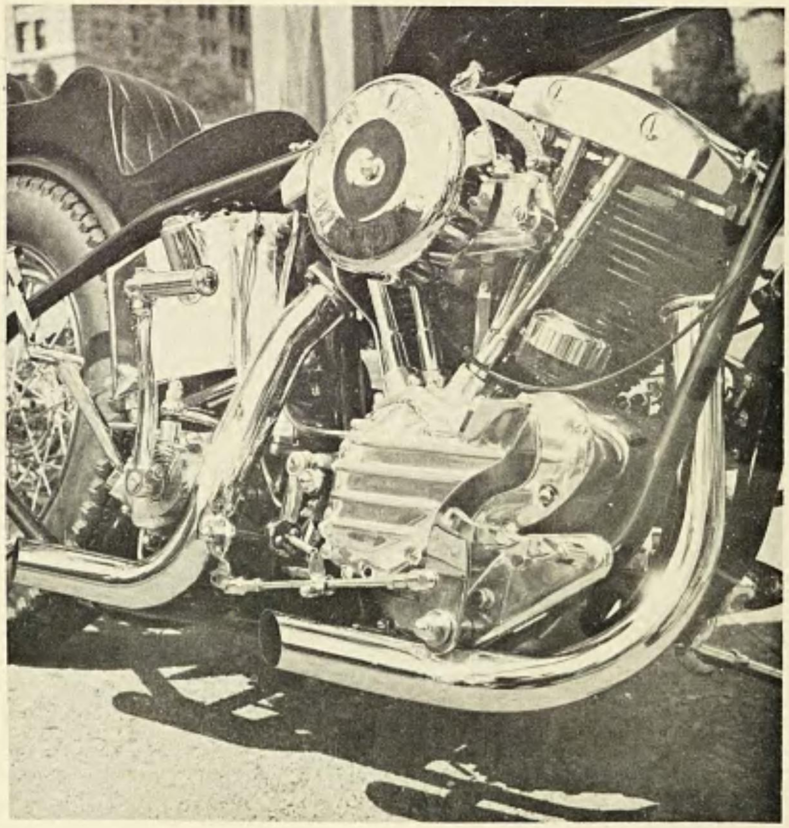




righteous self has been guilty of the crime of generalization, many times by rapping to someone about certain types of scooters coming from some area, like stretch frames from Berdoo or freaky paint jobs from the South or out of the East—but keep in mind, I only make these gross mistakes while wasted on Akadama and reds.

In some cases a shop in an area will form a style because of the products and styles liked by the shop owners, but that doesn't indicate that that will be the style trend for the whole state or area. Like for instance, here are a couple of bikes that throw that theory out of the window, where it should be thrown. The two scoots were built and are ridden in Buffalo, New York, but they sure don't fit what stereotype freaks would consider an East Coast bike to be. That just goes to show that most of us freaks who think we're Chop Gods are full of it—what we're missing, along with brains, is the whole idea of building scoots, and that is to do your thing whatever it might be, wherever the builder might be. —Snake





Owner: Dick Cole **City:** Buffalo, N.Y.

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1948 H-D
- Model: FL
- Value: $5000
- Assembly by: Custom Fabrication
- Time: 4 months
- Chroming by: Atlas Plating

Engine

- Year: 1948
- Model: FL
- Builder: Custom Fabrication
- Ignition: 6V
- Displacement: 74 cu. in.
- Balancing: stock
- Pistons: FLH
- Cam: 412 Sifton
- Lifters: Sifton solids
- Carb(s): M-74B
- Air cleaner: stock
- Shifter: foot
- Pipes: 1¾-in. Paughco
- Muffler(s): none
- Gearing:
  - Engine sprocket: 23
  - Trans sprocket: 24

Painting

- Molding: owner
- Painter: owner
- Color: candy blue
- type: lacquer

Chassis

- Frame builder: Jammer
- Year and make: 1973
- Rake: 36°
- Stretch: 2¾ inches
- Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

- Bars: 8-inch Z bars
- Risers: Barnett (3½ in.)
- Fender(s): flat (6 in.)
- Headlight: dual Ciebie
- Taillight: Luacs
- Speedo: VDO
- Foot pegs:
  - Front: Cheatah
  - Back: Cheatah
- Gas tank: Mustang
- Oil tank: Paughco
- Primary cover: Paughco
- Seat material: naugahyde
- Sissy bar: owner
  - Height: 36 in.
  - Material size: ½-in. twist

Forks

- Type: custom springer
- Type front rail: twist
- Extension: 12 inches over
- Builder: Jammer

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18-in.	Size: 16-in.
Hub/brk.: Hallcraft	Hub/brake: mech.
Rim width: 2¼-in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire size:2.75 x 18	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon

Owner: Custom Fabrication **City:** Buffalo, N.Y.

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1969 H-D
- Model: FLH
- Value: $6000
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 8 months
- Chroming by: Atlas Plating

Engine

- Year: 1969 H-D
- Model: FLH
- Builder: owner
- Ignition: 6V
- Displacement: 74 cu. in.
- Balancing: Milwaukee
- Pistons: Covmo
- Cam: Sifton 468S
- Lifters: Sifton solids
- Carb(s): S&S 1⅞
- Air cleaner: Paughco
- Shifter: foot
- Pipes: 2-in. drag type
- Muffler(s): none
- Gearing:
  - Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 23

Painting

- Molding: Hank
- Painter: Hank
- Color: caribou
- Type: lacquer

Chassis

- Frame builder: Jammer
- Year and make: 1973
- Rake: 36°
- Stretch: 2¾ inches
- Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

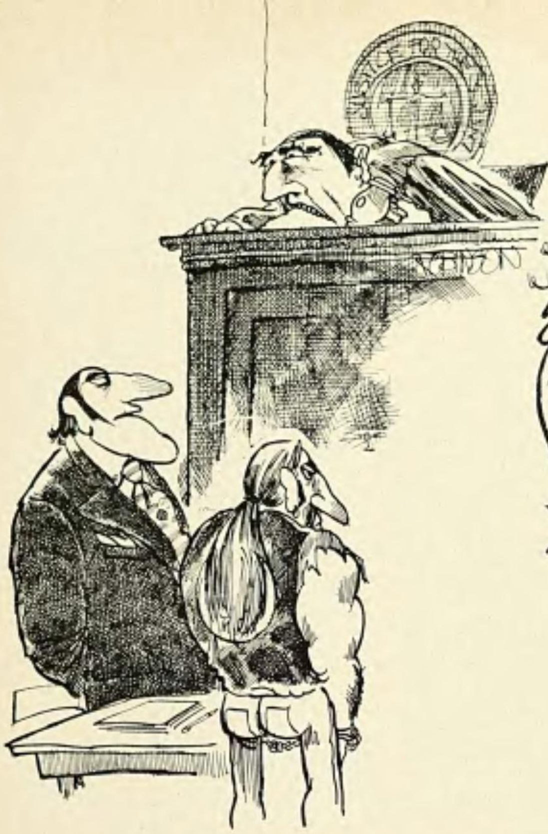
- Bars: Flanders pullbacks
- Risers: 5-in. dogbones
- Fender(s): 5-in. flat
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: Lucas
- Speedo: VDO
- Foot pegs:
  - Front: Cheatah
  - Back: Cheatah
- Gas tank: Mustang
- Oil tank: Paughco
- Primary cover: Paughco
- Seat material: leather
- Sissy bar: Jammer
- Height: 36 inches
- Material size: ⅝-in twist

Forks

- Type: custom springer
- Type front rail: twist
- Extension: 12 inches over
- Builder: Jammer

Wheels

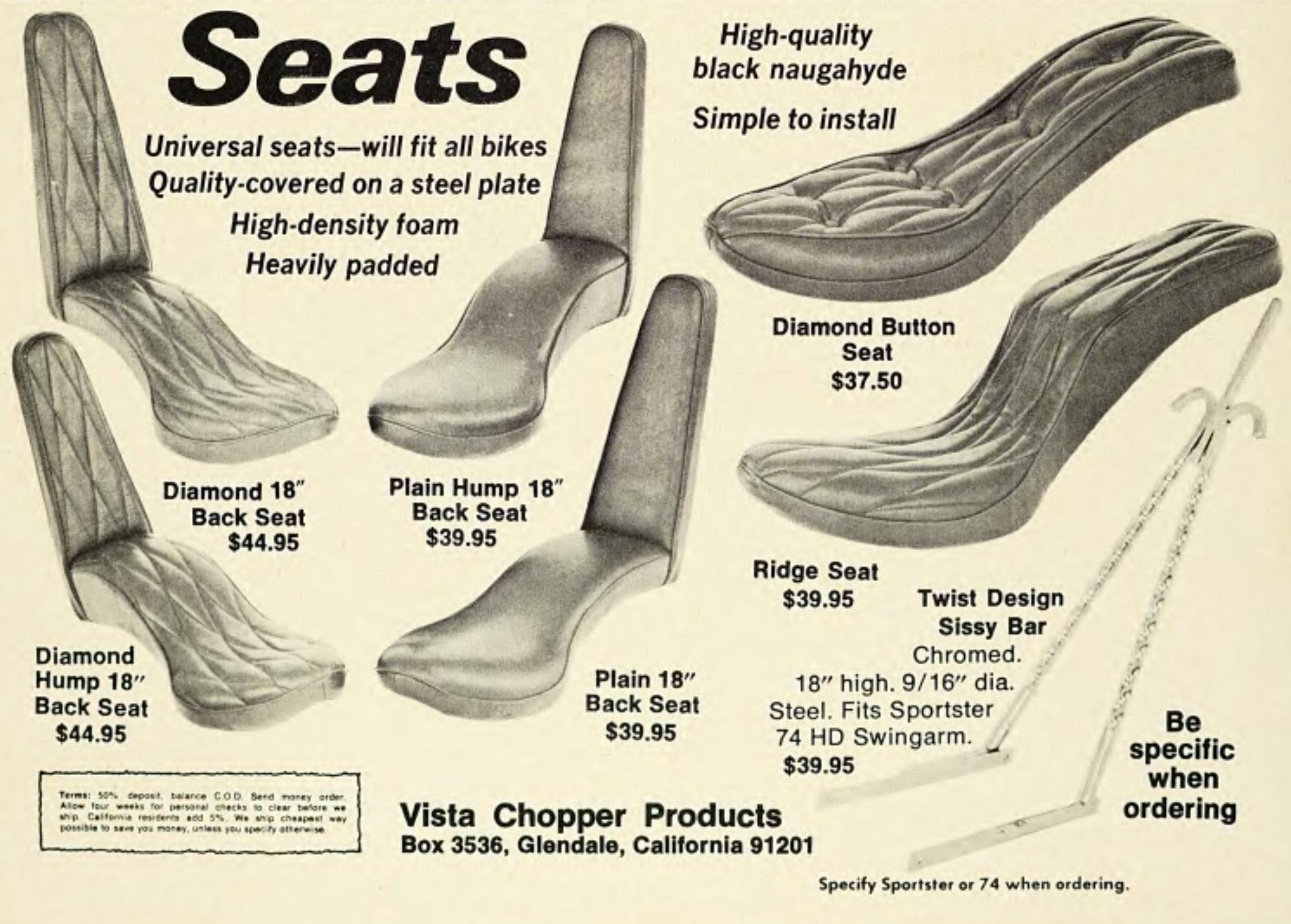
Front	Rear
Size: 19-in.	Size: 16-in.
Hub/brk.: Hallcraft	Hub/brake: mech.
Rim Width: 2¼ in.	Rim Width: 5-in.
Tire size: 3.00 x 19	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon



"As Vice President of his club, my client wishes to plead 'No Contest' to the charge of income tax evasion, knowing that the court will be—uh—fair and just."

"Anything else, sir?"

"I don't give a crap if he is affectionate—he's too damned big to keep in an apartment!"



Paid Advertisement

All we want for each poster is $3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

★ FREE SONNY BARGER ★

"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only $5.00 each, in all sizes —small, medium, large, extra large.

The Hell's Angels

are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in every biker's pad. It measures 2' x 3'. It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605

Please send me the following items:

____

____

____

____

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City_______________________________

State___________ Zip______________

California residents add 5%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.

The Wonder, the thrill, the—Bastard!

Bird and I had lived together for two years before he brought it home. Hardly a day went by that he didn't talk about this big dream of his, didn't stare at magazines or hang on the phone for hours rapping with Sagnutz or the Professor about his fantasy.

I'd listen and smile and say "Maybe some day, baby" when he'd try to tell me how he desired this thing. But, actually, I never really thought he'd see his dream come true. See, I worked as a dancer in this club on the Boardwalk

by Jeanne Starling

and the tips were good but, well, just not enough. And Bird, he tried so hard to save, but, Jesus, a $3-an-hour carpenter can only put away so much.

So, you see, I was really freaked when he came home that day, rolling up to the house in Willie's pickup, that big, rusty—was it a motorcycle?—pile of scrap iron in the back. I was blown away! I mean—had my ol' man actually spent money for this junk heap? But then I saw Bird's face. He was like a little kid on Christmas morning. But, no, it wasn't that innocent. I'd seen that look before! Goddammit! I had seen that look before. That was pure lust, baby, and no doubt about it. That joy in his eyes came up from his balls, and I bristled like a wounded dog—a bitch, to be exact.

All the brothers were gathered around and nobody paid me any attention. They pulled down the tailgate and laid a board up against it for a ramp. Bird guided the bike down as tenderly as if it were a little crippled child.

"Bird . . ." I said.

"Hey, baby, how 'bout some beer out here?" He didn't even look up as he spoke, still raping that machine with his eyes. I came back with two six-packs. The Professor accepted them and started passing out the cans.

"What's the matter?" he asked me.

"Aw, nothin'. Sure looks like shit," I said, indicating the bike.

He gave me a typical Professor answer: "You can't look at it for what it is. You gotta look at it for what it's gonna become. You know, possibilities."

Well, I didn't understand any of this and I felt left out as hell, but, shit, what could I do? Nothing. So I just tried to bear up. But as the months went by, and I saw what this project involved, I began to have a healthy respect—if not a real liking—for this strange new creature taking up half my house: this 74 Panhead; this thing with the holy name—Harley.

Even though it was Bird's baby, all the dudes wanted to help out and the house was always full. I'd listen to all the cussing and laughing and banging around, and those heavy male-animal sounds began to creep into my soul and take possession. Much as I hated to admit it, I was hooked.

First, they pulled it apart, piece by bolt by screw, and cleaned everything. They had all the parts bagged and labeled — the valve train, the carburetor, the transmission. They turned it inside out and scrubbed it naked. Then came the measuring and inspecting, turning worn-out pistons into usable ashtrays, and wondering, wondering where the bread would come from for the rest of it.

Next came the rebuilding of the engine, parts sent away to be chromed, and work on the frame. New parts were needed—pistons, rings, gaskets, pull-back handlebars to replace the out-dated apehangers, and a new chrome oil tank. The mousetrap had been previously removed and they added a complete eliminator kit.

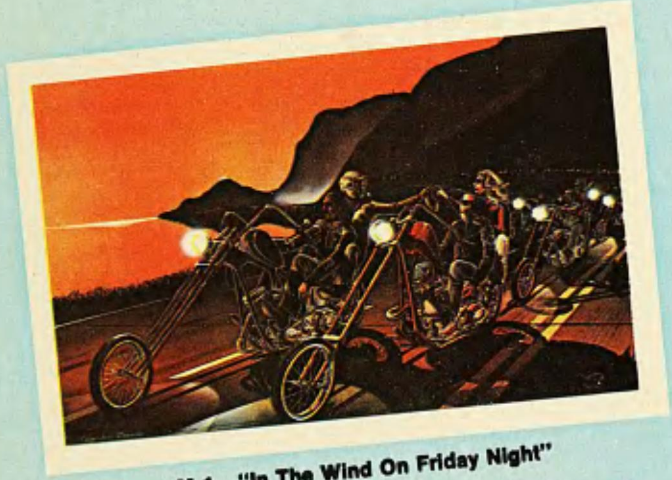
Now came the frame work. This was Bird's heaven! They hauled it down to the shipyard and had it sandblasted. Then back home to be molded with bondo. The neck had been raked before and was a beautiful job, so what few imperfections remained were bondo'd away.

Then came primer, putty and sanding, over and over and over again. Bird wouldn't have it any less than glassy, like the polished, perfect face of a mirror. He labored over that bike, sometimes working far into the night, lovingly tender, caressing it one minute, cursing and swearing and almost kicking it the next. What a demon it was, and what power it held over us all! I danced my tits off and the money rolled in—and right back out again. But we were all caught up in the fever of creation and nobody gave a damn. And when the brothers all settled down in front of the heater at night and we passed a number around, I felt the peace and the satisfaction of it all.

Finally, time to clothe the king. Bird chose dark blue metal flake epoxy and misted the spray over the frame with incredible care. The bike took on a dull glow and then a fine bright shine, a sparkle, a glisten. What a thing of beauty it was, what a masterpiece! Built out of sweat and guts and determination and, yes, love as well.

—Continued on page 58

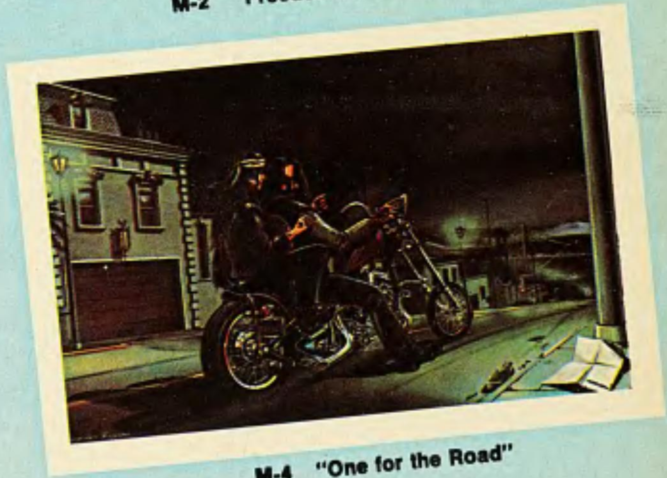
Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock! (26½" x 38")

Easyriders Posters, 819 South Glenoaks Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

Enclosed is $______ for the posters indicated below. (Plus 50¢ for postage and mailing tube on orders under $6.00)

______ @ $3.00 each All four for $9.95

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________ **State**________ **Zip**________

California residents add 5% sales tax

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

$3.00 each or all four for $9.95!

(On orders less than $6.00, please add 50¢ for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders,** for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

Dirty Face

I went to the doctor and got my running sores dried up, but now I really have a problem: After I get off my weekly drunk and start to recover I find that when I wake up my face looks and feels like a glazed donut. What should I do?

Running Box
Arvada, Colo.

● I used to have that problem until someone told me that I should wash my face after an orgy.

Same Problem

I'm a guy with a beard and I love to dive in the bushes every chance I get—I mean scarfin' is my trip, but it screws up my complexion.

Brother G.
Buffalo, N.Y.

● See my answer to Running Box.

Neat Club

Me and my pals all ride Honda 50s and have started a bike club. There are 19 members in our club, so we've decided to call it the "1950s"—neat, huh? We all have crewcuts and wear 1950 type clothes. My question is, what could we use as a mascot?

C.A.H.
Hawthorne, Calif.

● A duck.

First Dose

I just got my first dose of crabs along with the clap. My eyes are turning yellow again from hepatitis, and my Sportster is still in pieces on my bedroom floor. Where did I go wrong?

Mainard
Chicago, Ill.

● Ya shoulda stayed home and made the ol' lady get that scoot together.

Author Needs Help

I'm writing a book about the mating habits of gorillas and you fit the part perfectly —your size, shape, jugs, everything—you'd be perfect. I was wondering if you'd be willing to pose for some of the photos.

Birdbrain
Lebanon, Ore.

● It depends. I'd have to see the gorilla first—I'm not gonna pose for no smut photos unless I approve of the dude I'm partying with.

Airpockets

Do you have a cure for vaginal airpockets? Every time me and my ol' man assume doggie position my twat farts. It really turns him off.

Nick's ol' lady
Huntington, W. Va.

● About three ping-pong balls (depending on your size) ought to do it—I personally prefer peeled tangerines.

Nosy Question

By the way, since your initials are M&M, does that mean you melt in the mouth instead of in the hand?

Klink
Irwin, Pa.

● Do I ever!

Big Question

If a shithead is a brownnose that went too far, doesn't that mean someone's a pretty big asshole?

Reseda Red
Van Nuys, Calif.

● That's deep—I've got to think about that a while.

Weird Chick

My friends are gettin' down on my ol' lady 'cause she's gettin' to be such a drag. The other night during a party she was pullin' the train when two friends wanted to gnaw on her tits at the same time—she got pissed, and now my friends think she's a king-sized drag. What can I do?

Sprocket Tooth
Houston, Texas

● Those straight chicks are weird—I'd dump her.

Big Numbers

My problem's the same as with most chicks. I have a figure of 35-27-38 and I'm five-six, which isn't too bad until my boyfriend reads comments on girls with 38-inch tits. What should I do?

Lambchops
Dougalston, N.Y.

● Find yourself an assman.

Energy Crisis

I've saved my money to build a scoot, but now I'm afraid to build it because I won't be able to get gas. Please tell me how to get gas.

Stan Sayre
Amsden, Ohio

● Get yourself a Chopper Credit Card—a short length of rubber tubing.

Anti-Dog Device

I have figured out the perfect anti-dog device. You first find a bitch dog that is in heat. Second, you tie the bitch up to a light pole about a block from the place you're going to rip off. Then you make the guy's watch-dog chase you and you run past the bitch dog, and there you have it. While the watch-dog is ballin' the bitch you rip the guy off. My problem is, what if the dude has a queer dog—what do I do then?

Elemt
Elmer, La.

● Shit.

The Real Me

We really want to know if you are a scraggy, mangy old beat-up bitch like we've read about, or if you are a hot mama in disguise. How's about sending us a picture so we can find out the real truth.

Midnight Riders
Tampa, Fla.

● I'll send the real me to anyone sending me a stamped self-addressed envelope—by the way, I'm considered the hottest of the mamas.

Lumpy Pants

Enclosed is a pic of my bike and me. Actually it's a trike, but I know you didn't notice that fact because you were hung up looking at the lump in my pants. See what your picture did to me?

Sonny
North Chicago, Ill.

● I'm hip—you put big Nick to shame.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

ABATE

Push Now Against Helmet Laws!

We've all heard over and over about the helmet law controversy, and too many of our people are forced to wear skid-lids because the government wouldn't pay attention, but recently the hot subject of seatbelt laws is undergoing some changes. A large portion of the population is going snaky because they are not about to let politicians force them to wear a seatbelt all the time they're driving. We've been through this trip before, so we can chuckle and kick back and listen to Mr. Citizen gripe about his rights and the Constitution. The inevitable has happened: the New York Motorcycle Rights Organization has introduced two repeal bills, one for the helmet law and one for the headlight law, and so far the New York legislators have laughed at the NYMRO, with its little or no support. The irony is that not too long ago the same legislators turned down the seatbelt law on the grounds that the law was an infringement on a person's rights. Now, it would seem to any rational thinking individual that the two issues would fall under the same Constitutional interpretation.

The seatbelt law is a relatively new issue and it affects the majority of our citizens and non-citizen adults. The law affects politicians, city councilmen, legislators, you name it. Therefore the publicity has been on a much greater scale than might have been expected. It has raised the public's ire. The law has come also to rest on newspaper editors and the news media everywhere, and all these people constitute a loud, strong voice.

Along with many editorials on television, radio, and in the papers, we know of two legal efforts to repeal the seatbelt interlock requirement on a federal level. One is a bill to repeal the Department of Transportation requirement that all 1974 cars have their ignition wired to the seatbelts. This bill was introduced in Congress by Rep. John J. Rhodes, R. Arizona. He described the law as "bureaucratic foolishness." He also said that the use of seatbelts should be the user's prerogative. Another bill to eliminate interlock seatbelts, HR10277, was introduced by Louis Wyman of New Hampshire, and many other measures on state levels have been initiated to halt seatbelt laws.

And now with all the crap coming out about Nixon and political officials everywhere, the integrity of the politician has declined and left the thought in mind that to fight is a waste, because politicians are all rip-offs working with money interests, and in some cases that may be true. However, the fact that the politicians aren't straight with the people doesn't mean we are going to quit fighting for the little freedom we still have. In fact, it should indicate that the politician is like other men, in that he is not above fault, so it is up to us to get dead in their shit when we see them doing something we don't dig. The point I want to make and get people thinking is how in hell are we going to get across to these people the way we feel if we don't lay it on them? So you ask, "What do you want me to do?"

Get hold of your senator's and assemblyman's name and address and write. If every biker who reads this magazine sat down and wrote those two dudes when something came up and said just exactly how he felt about the issue he disliked it would make a definite difference. Get your ol' lady on the move too. Who cares whether you can or cannot spell, type, have any paper, a stamp? No excuses. It only takes a couple of lines on a strip of shit paper from a lot of people to let those people know where we stand. For instance, I have written quite a few legislatures, in my state and in other states, and I am surprised many times at the responses I get from politicians who agree with my attitude, have questions, or simply were unaware of a biker's attitude toward an issue. And since we are all brothers and dedicated to freedom of the road and in general getting out and flying down the ol' highway, we should help our people out. For instance, in Washington State there is a helmet repeal movement. If every Brother in this country wrote the legislators I will list later, we would have one hell of a chance to repeal for the first time a helmet law. There then would be a precedent set and we could move on to another state. Somewhere along the line the helmet law has got to be pushed back, and nobody is going to do it (and we know it) except us.

Right now in the State of Washington the helmet repeal is still in the Transportation Committee and will be moving on to the Rules Committee shortly. Below is a list of the names and addresses of the members of the Senate Transportation Committee. The same men, except for Lt. Governor John Cherberg, are the members of the Rules Committee. Sounds odd, but it's the truth. Our initial goal is to get at least 7 out of 13 votes to get the helmet bill out of committee and onto the floor of the Senate. This bill came about through research by the King County Medical Examiner.

"The Medical reports on all state motorcycle fatalities from 1965-1971 found no significant difference in the proportion of fatal head iniuries between June 65-July 67 (.50) and August 67, December 71 (.46) but shows a sharp proportionate rise in neck injuries."

Write these people. If the repeal passes, it will help to initiate repeals in many other states.

John Cherberg
Lt. Governor
Legislative Bldg.
Olympia, Wash. 98104

Gordon Herr (Dem)
10617 21st S.W.
Seattle, Washington 98146

Harry Lewis (Rep)
2019 Clairmont Circle
Olympia, Washington 98502

Daniel G. Marsh (Dem)
P.O. Box 1086
Vancouver, Washington 98660

Al Heury (Dem)
Rio Vista
White Salmon, Washington 98672

Robert Bailey (Dem)
Box 146
South Bend, Washington 98586

R. Ted Bottiger (Dem)
8849 Pacific Street
Tacoma, Washington 98444

Don L. Talley (Dem)
1583 Mt. Pleasant Rd.
Kelso, Washington 98626

Perry Woodall (Rep)
P.O. Box 507
Toppenish, Washington 98948

James E. Keefe (Dem)
727 East Sinto
Spokane, Washington 99205

August P. Mardesich
4712 Mermont Drive
Everett, Washington 98203

Sam C. Guess (Rep)
West 408 33rd Avenue
Spokane, Washington 99203

R. Frank Attwood (Rep)
220 Bellingham National Bank
Bellingham, Washington 98225

Ted G. Peterson (Rep)
2345 N.W. Blue Ridge Drive
Seattle, Washington 98177

In New Mexico there is a group of people trying to pass petitions and get a helmet repeal moving. Following is a miniature copy of their petition. Sign it, get your partners to sign, make copies, and sign them.
Send to: Dan P. Nichols, P.O. Box 608, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

I request that the National Highway Safety Act of 1966 be amended to allow citizens 18 years of age and above, "freedom of choice" in the use of helmets and seat belts, and that the states be released from penalization for failure to consider mandatory helmet and seatbelt legislation.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Mike Armstrong, the Director of COOL in Kansas, writes that the National Safety Council in Chicago is now advocating a federal motorcycle helmet law to cover those states which do not have one. This is a particularly dangerous threat to all of us, for if something of this nature passed we would no longer have a right to repeal it in our states; consequently, we'd better move.

Below is a list of people COOL considers to be their opposition and who should all be contacted by all of us because that is just exactly who it is going to affect, all of us. For more information, contact COOL, Box 8113, Topeka, Kansas 66608.

Mr. Claude S. Brinegar, Secretary
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Mr. Robert Wright
National Highway Traffic Safety Administration Region VII
U.S. Department of Transportation
6301 Rockhill Rd.
Box 7085
Kansas City, Mo. 64113

Mr. John H. Reed, Chairman
National Highway Traffic Safety Administration
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Dr. James B. Gregory, Administrator
National Highway Traffic Safety Administration
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Mr. Howard Pyle, President
National Safety Council
425 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Mr. Edward F. Kearney, Exec. Dir.
National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances
1776 Massachusetts Ave, NW,
Suite 430
Washington, DC 20036

Mr. Lewis S. Buchanan
N.H.T.S.A.
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

In Kansas recently, Ted Oaks, Kansas and Missouri ABATE coordinator and director of the Dave Mootz Memorial Foundation, introduced a helmet repeal, but the support from local bikers was limited and the repeal died from lack of enthusiasm on the part of the public. If you live in Kansas, Missouri, or a nearby state, and want to work for a repeal that will ultimately assist a repeal in your state, contact Ted at one of the following addresses and find out when he will be pushing for a repeal again: Dave Mootz Memorial Foundation, 2530 S. 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106, or 6228 Truman Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64126.

The Connecticut Motorcycle Association has watched the helmet law flounder in their state for years and now there is the threat of its enforcement. For information on how you can help their fight, contact the Connecticut Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn. 06385. The official behind enforcement of the law is Motor Vehicles Department Commissioner Edward J. Kozlowski; and an official contesting the law, a man who could use the support of every Connecticut biker, is State Rep. Rufus C. Rose of Waterford. He believes reducing accidents can be accomplished only through a safety promotion program displayed to the public through the news media, safety hints to motorists concerning motorcycles, and safe driving hints directed at the motorcyclist. Contact Rep. Rose through the State Capitol and ask him what can be done to forward his program and to stop the helmet law. The winter is here and it forces many people to stay in-doors; consequently it's a good time to get involved with your local state association and push back some of these laws so you can putt in peace when the weather lightens up.

A new helmet ordinance went into effect recently in the city of Gulf Port, Mississippi. The only other helmet ordinance in that state is in Jackson, and neither of these hassle ordinances need be in effect if large groups of bikers would converge on each city council meeting and voice their grievances. ABATE has now three beautiful reports contesting the mandatory use of helmets available to anyone going to city council meetings or sending letters to politicians. We want to see these laws beat, so even if you can't write or send articles, notify us as to whom these should be sent to and we'll send them.

Another state in which we have a positive chance is Michigan. Lansing, Michigan, Rep. Perry Bullard, D. Ann Arbor, has introduced a two-bill B333, B334 package that would repeal the helmet law and also prohibit local ordinances from requiring the use of helmets. This man deserves Michigan bikers' support, and that of anyone who believes in helmet law repeal. He says, "State and local ordinances telling a person what he or she must wear in any given situation is an infringement on civil liberties." Rep. Bullard's bill is co-sponsored by the following Republican Representatives: Dale Warner of Eaton Rapids, Warren O'Brien of Warren, Roy Spencer of Attica, Dennis Cawthorne of Manisfee, Mark Thompson of Alpena, Fredrick Stakable of Lansing, and John Smeekens of Coldwater. Democratic co-sponsors in the house are Lyn Johndahl of East Lansing and Paul Rosenbaum of Battle Creek. You can write these Representatives at the Michigan House of Reps., Lansing, Michigan 48901.

Jed Tranquill, Statewide Coordinator, has this to say concerning his New York repeals: "New York Motorcycle Rights Organization has bills in for both helmets and headlights, and your legislators are laughing at you except for a few. In the Senate Transportation Committee, bill numbers S3769 and S3770 would repeal helmets and headlights respectively. The same applies to the Assembly with bill numbers A2244 for helmets and A4580 for headlights. A bill originating from either committee will do it. The legislators who are laughing at you are the same ones who last year turned down mandatory seatbelt wearing for themselves as unconstitutional. If you want them to keep on laughing, don't write the chairmen of the Senate and Assembly Transportation Committees. Assemblyman George J. Farrell Jr. at 116 Carnation Ave., Floral Park, New York 11001, and Senator John D. Caemmerer, 11 Post Ave., East Williston, N.Y. 11596. Also, don't be in Albany with some of your 139,000 fellow bikers in March (date to be announced in your local papers)."

Deacon, owner of D&D Customs in Lowell, Massachusetts, is meeting with Senator Joseph Tulley in order to get the helmet law put on a voting referendum. It seems that it is close to impossible to have a law repealed in Massachusetts, so the next best thing is a voting referendum. So advised Senator Tulley. You can contact Senator Tulley either through Deacon at D&D Customs, 711 Lakeview Ave., Lowell, Mass. 01850, or by writing him directly at Capitol Hill State House, Boston. I'm sure Deacon could use assistance and support from bikers on the east coast.

If we assault each one of these helmet ordinances, there is an excellent possibility that we could get a legal snowball rolling and wipe out every helmet law now being enforced. All it would take would be a concentrated effort by a large number of the beautiful people on scooters across this country to let the political population know that we are not going to sit back and let the government pass one law after another restricting any portion of putting. I have run down nine state anti-helmet projects and one federal effort. Let's push together and see just how many of these laws can be defeated. We can push the post-1965 wave of motorcycle legislation back to '65.

—Continued on next page

Join and/or Contribute

Reprints of ABATE engineering reports that prove the safety of extended and raked front ends are being mailed all over the country in response to ABATE member requests for ammunition to fight anti-bike legislation.

This is just one of the services that ABATE performs, and even though there is much being done, we never have enough funds to do all of the things we know, first hand, that must be done.

If you gnash your teeth at the injustice of some laws, imagine the frustration that we feel when we receive pleas for help, for personal appearances at legislative hearings, and are not able to do more than send our printed material, whereas an engineer, in person, would carry much more weight.

We don't want to be corny, but ABATE needs your support—and you need, or will need sometime, somewhere, ABATE's support. ABATE has no commercial ties. Its only purpose is to protect the rights of the street biker.

If you haven't joined, then join today. The need is today. ABATE needs you, and you need ABATE.

The Power!

You can let politicians on every level—federal, state, and city—know your feelings—and in a very effective, positive way.

All you have to do is vote.

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740

☐ Here's a contribution to ABATE to aid in their nationwide efforts to combat anti-bike legislation and to educate and inform lawmakers, the police, and civic leaders to the facts about choppers.

☐ Here's a $5.00 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal and keep me informed of laws that affect me as a biker.

Name______________________________ Age______

Address ______________________________

City__________________ State__________ Zip________

Phone____________Can you help us in your state?______

Comments: ______________________________

ABATE

News from all over

New York, Michigan, Washington, Kansas, Missouri, Mississippi, Connecticut, New Mexico, Massachusetts, see helmet rap.

Massachusetts: Deacon, state co-ordinator for the MMA, notified ABATE of the possibility of an extension law dictating that a front end cannot be extended over 5". For information on how you can help, contact Deacon at D&D Customs, 711 Lakeview Ave., Lowell, Mass. 01850.

Victoria, Australia: John R. Wilson, 82 Bell St., Fitzroy, Victoria, Australia 3065, is working with authorities to help them gain a good understanding of choppers and educate them in chopper reliability. If you wish to assist John in his campaign, he can be contacted at the address given above.

Utah: Beware, the Utah Motorcycle Dealers Association is supporting a helmet law to avoid a hassle over no-fault insurance. If you are doing business with a shop that is a member of the UMDA, you had better let them know how you feel about such a deal.

Washington, D.C.: The Environmental Protection Agency today (Dec. 3, '73) announced the Arizona Transportation Control Plan for the Phoenix-Tucson Interstate Region. There were no restrictions or limitations placed on the registration or usage of motorcycles.

In announcing the final Plan, the EPA stated: "The proposed restrictions on motorcycle registration met considerable opposition at the public hearings. Also, motorcycle industry spokesmen presented testimony to the effect that emission standards are necessary and that EPA should set them. EPA currently anticipates that such standards will be established in time for the 1976 model year. In view of this, EPA has re-evaluated this measure and has determined that it is not reasonable at this time."

In the EPA's original Transportation Control Plans, motorcycle restrictions were proposed for New Jersey, Arizona and California. As a result of concentrated efforts and testimony presented to the EPA by the Motorcycle Industry Council and motorcycle manufacturers, emission standards for motorcycles will be set by the EPA and the industry will have 2 years in which to meet such standards.

California: AB 190 by Assemblyman Louis Papan (D. Daly City) prohibits anyone, with the exception of law enforcement personnel, from driving a vehicle while wearing either a headset or earplugs in or covering both ears. What can I say?

Pennsylvania: The state senate has before it a bill to require motorcycles to turn on their headlights when traveling in daylight hours.

Illinois: Bill Orce, ABATE State Coordinator for Illinois, has purchased an ABATE P.O. Box and will be taking care of ABATE memberships and any state business through the new address, ABATE, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Ill. 60070.

Tennessee: The Governor of Tennessee has initiated a no-fault insurance bill and is pushing hard to see that it gets passed. Write him and ask him to exclude motorcycles due to the high cost of insurance if a no-fault bill is passed. Governor Winfield Dunn, Capitol Hill Building, Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

Bite Your Tongue

When writing a letter of protest, remember, we are up against wealthy, slick, articulate professionals, who already have the lawmaker's ear.

Our best offense against this power is to be ourselves. What we want is just. The facts are on our side, so there is no need to be insulting or abusive, for all it will accomplish is to confirm the already low opinion he may have of chopper riders, and as a result play into our opposition's hands.

Insulting or crude letters will only harm our cause. So be specific and straight forward. Keep your letters short. Suggest positive alternatives. Talk to him—don't shout or cuss.

10% Discount To ABATE Members

The following shops are giving a 10% discount to ABATE members. If other shops would like to be listed, just send us your name and address on your letterhead. **Munch Choppers** 3921 South Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60652. **Villa Park H-D** 305 East North Avenue, Villa Park, Ill.

Free Service for All ABATE Members

Through the efforts of the ABATE members we now have a fairly complete file on every state. The laws, the legislators, the highway traffic officials. This information is supplied free to anyone requesting it and sending along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Some noise—any noise—is better than no noise. It's the old story: if the bully thinks he can hassle you and get away with it, he will. But if he knows that even though he is more powerful and would no doubt win a fight, but that you'd put up a helluva scrap—and he just might get hurt along with his victory—he'll think twice about hassling you, especially when there are so many other guys in this world who won't fight him and will accept any abuse as inevitable—or will even run.

We prefer to bite an ear, poke an eyeball, make a mark—do something, even if defeated—at least we'll know that we fought all the way down, and didn't take any pussy route.

Consumer Retort

ABATE

I want to register a complaint against:

Name of Company ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ **State** ________ **Zip** ______

Phone ____________________

Person or persons to whom you have written or telephoned.

____

Give exact dates of correspondence and telephone calls.
(Send photo copies of all correspondence, canceled checks, etc.)

____

____

____

____

My complaint is: ____________________

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____

Amount paid: ____________ **How was it paid?** ____________

(Cash, check, money order—send proof if you have it.)

Other comments: ____________________

____

____

____

____

Your name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ **State** ________ **Zip** ______

Telephone number ____________________

ABATE Box 2280, Seal Beach, California 90740

REDRIDER
"GET LOST CAT, THIS POUND SET ME BACK FOUR C'S"
MEOW*
KRAK
ZONK
"WOW, WHAT IS THIS SHIT... ONE TOKE AND I'M FREAKED?"
GRRRR
MMM LETS SEE.... ALCUPULCO GOLD, PANAMA RED CAMBODIAN GREEN AFRICAN BLACK BORNEO BHANG P.C.T. S.T.P. P.T.A. ?
DOIIING
Robinson
MMM LETS SEE... BURMESE BUSH, ANGORA ANGEL DUST CALICO CANDY APPLE CANADIAN KITTY LITTER KOREAN CAT NIP ?
SCARF
SLURP
END
* MEOW

While the supply lasts it is still possible for you to get a complete collection of every lousy issue (except #17) of this miserable rag—and get this: *That includes the immortal, historical, leg-wetting first issue!*

Obviously the supply is going to run out, so you had better whip off a dollar today for every copy you want. We, being heros, will pay all postage and handling costs. All issues at this writing are available (except #17). This issue is number 20—so figure out which ones you need and fire off a buck today for each copy you want. *The cats need food!*

Foreign countries add 50¢ for each copy—it costs more to send it to you. **binder ad in this issue**

Send $1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES

819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502

A good friend of ours is missing from the staff masthead. No, an old bat in a Detroit iron didn't hang a left turn in front of him. As a matter of fact, he wasn't killed in traffic—cancer got him.

He was a good natured little shit—had a funny walk resulting from past hassles with traffic. We kidded him about that, as well as his thrift store fur coat and his favorite pastime: masturbating.

Naturally we kidded hell out of him—maybe we were even a little envious because all he did was eat, masturbate, and sleep. But even with all the kidding and laughing, he was everybody's friend—and indicated it.

He was a conversation piece, a damned good friend, and yes, even a lover—for he loved us, as we did him.

Black Dog was the chief office cat, and we all miss him.

Bastard

—Continued from page 51

Then, that happy day when the chromed parts were ready! The kickstand, the primary covers, wheels and spokes, brake hubs, pans, cam cover, brake pedal, shift lever and lifter guides. Sagnutz and the Professor, Angel and Billy and Leadbelly, they all stayed up all night, doing White Crosses, to help Bird finish the job.

And at that final moment, when we all stood there in the barely gray light of dawn, offering up little prayers for success, Bird mounted his creation and, supporting his weight on the handlebars, gave the starter a heavy kick.

Nothing.

No one dared breathe. Bird gritted his teeth and kicked again.

Nothing.

Somebody groaned, and sweat broke out on Bird's face. He wiped his hands on his shirt and took a deep breath. It seemed like slow motion action as his boot crashed against the kickstarter the third time. And suddenly—Jesus God!—the bastard started! The rumble it made seemed to shake the earth and we were all crazy wild, hugging, laughing, crying, kissing.

"Goddamn!!" *yelled Bird above the engine's roar. "It's* alive!"

Now, I don't have to tell any living human, dude or chick, who's ever had a righteous Hog between their legs how it feels. But I'll tell you this: that night, when my poor ol' man was finally asleep (he hadn't really *slept in months) I slid out of bed and sneaked into the workroom.*

There it was — the bastard. Moonlight streamed in through the windows and cast a supernatural glow on the big machine. I approached it slowly and my hand trembled as I touched the glossy smooth surface of the tank. I was naked and the night air was cool against my skin. Were my nipples hard because of the cold, or was that devil working its magic on me too? I was bewitched by the quiet power before me. I lifted one leg up slowly and slid onto the seat. The leather was firm and cool as marble beneath my ass. I felt my belly grow warm with excitement and my thighs tightened, gripping the machine below me. Then, dream-like, it all came back to me—the thrill, the power, the beauty and wonder of this thing, and love and a great desire for the man who made it, who had known this all along.

I knew what I wanted, what I needed, *and I ran back to the bedroom, back to my man.* ■

"Oh no—not another Nixon speech!"

FREE EASYRIDERS!

That's right—a free copy of **Easyriders** is yours, when you make a measly $10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

ALABAMA

Custom Choppers 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence, Ala.
H & H Customs 806 26th St. N., Birmingham, Ala.
Sportster Specialties 664 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.

ALASKA

Barry's Custom Cycle 2439 Spenard Rd., Anchorage, Alaska

ARIZONA

Best MC Repair 1541 S. Freeway, Tucson, Az.
Ken's Cycle & Supply 2190 E. Apache Blvd., Tempe, Az.
The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.

CALIFORNIA

Alphabets Custom West 16616 S. Main, Gardena, Ca.
Arm & Hammer Cycle Spec. 1900 Artesia Blvd., Redondo Beach, Ca.
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
Bell Gardens Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens, Ca.
The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, Ca.
Bishop's Custom Paint MC Acc. 292 Atherton Ave., Pittsburg, Ca.
Mike Burke MC 15178 Raymer St., Van Nuys, Ca.
C & C Cycle Ent. 9348 Artesia Blvd., Bellflower, Ca.
Choppers Ltd. 13380 Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca.
Custom Bike Supply 9292 Bolsa Ave., Westminster, Ca.
The Cycle Works 4864 Power Line Rd, Livehurst, Ca.
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangethorpe, Fullerton, Ca.
Fat City Cycles 514 E. Haley St., Santa Barbara, Ca.
Gormat Eng. 441 N. 10th Ave., Hanford, Ca.
Jackson Motors Kawasaki PO Box 25, Half Moon Bay, Ca.
Knight Kustom of Pasadena 2315 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Ca.
Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos, Ca.
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Ca.
Ted Phelp's Custom Paint & MC Shop 1639 Sears Point Rd. Hwy 37, Vallejo, Ca.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Ca.
Sunshine Cycles 1942 13th St, San Pablo, Ca.
Vern's Custom MC Shop 3900 Foothill Blvd., Oakland, Ca.
Vicker's Honda Custom Chop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
Whitley Fabrications 5385 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento, Ca.

COLORADO

Rebel Cycle 406 S. Lincoln Ave., Loveland, Co.
Saks 5th Choppers 4415 W. Colfax, Denver, Co.
74th Demention 2020 S. Prairie, Pueblo, Co.

CONNECTICUT

Chicken Lips Choppers 2891 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.
The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Sue's Bike Shop 85 Benton St., Hartford, Ct.

DELAWARE

Hall Cycles 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington, Del.

FLORIDA

Custom Cycle of St. Pete 2241 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Ram Cycle Acc. 815 Beal Pkwy., Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.
Tradewinds Custom Cycle 7316 N. Tamiami Trail, Sarasota, Fla.

GEORGIA

Cycle Graveyard 1245 Glenwood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
Elliott's Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus, Ga.

ILLINOIS

Aquarius Paint Studio 1605 Kishwaukee, Rockford, Ill.
Big M Cycle 1749 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Chop Shop Unlimited 601 W. Rt. 30, Rockfalls, Ill.
Kep's HD Sales & Serv. 306 S. Schuyler Ave., Bradley, Ill.
Lake Region Choppers 41 S. Rt. 12, Fox Lake, Ill.
Quality Cycle Rt. 121 & Rt. 9, Tremont, Ill.

INDIANA

B-J Chopper 2122 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
B&M Custom Cycle Eng. PO Box 339, Monticello, Ind.
Brandt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
Chopper Alley 1515 Wells St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
Custom Bikes By Bat 414 Western Ave., Connersville, Ind.
Gypsy Chopper Shop 502 E. La Salle Ave., South Bend, Ind.
J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond, Ind.
S & W Cycle Shop Custom Paint By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.

IOWA

Tri Pan Cycle 2124 Harding Rd., Des Moines, Iowa

KANSAS

Bilbo's Choppers, Inc. 2311 Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Cycle Acc. 601 S. Main, Hutchinson, Ks.
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.
T&C Cycle Spec. 909 N. 18th St., Kansas City, Ks.

LOUISIANA

Jack's Cycle Shop 720 Clairborne Dr., New Orleans, La.
Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

MARYLAND

Routt's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7418 Stuart Ln., Clinton, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
The Hawg Shop 1183 Main St., Clinton, Mass.
King's Cycle 3D Park St. Rt. 118, Rehoboth, Mass.
The Chopper Factory Inc. 1195 Bedford St. Rt. 18, Abington, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Chuck's Custom Choppers 3428 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron, Mich.
Cyclestuf G 5274 Corunna Rd., Flint, Mich.
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
GM Cycle 8812 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge, Mich.
Hopp's Custom Cycles G 7352 N. Dort Hwy., Mt. Morris, Mich.
Whyte's Sport Center, Inc. 201 Kaiser, Pinconning, Mich.

MINNESOTA

B&B Customs 1440 S. Concord St., St. Paul, Mn.
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Mn.
Mother Phucar's Custom Choppers 3248 2nd St. N., Minneapolis, Mn.
Norther Leisur Corp 23 N Benton Dr., Saulk Rapids, Mn.
Ron's Custom Acc. 5 Miles E. on Hwy. 16, Box 424, Fairmont, Mn.
Wes's Sport Center 700 E. 2nd St., Hastings, Mn.

MISSISSIPPI

Larry's Custom Parts PO Box 167, Lorinth, Miss.

MISSOURI

Choppertown USA 5228 Gravois, St. Louis, Mo.
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood, Mo.
Doug's Choppers 4026 N. Cleveland, Kansas City, Mo.
Midman HD 3628 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

MONTANA

Chop N Shop 730 2nd Ave. S., Glasgow, Mont.

NEBRASKA

JC MC Supplies 4833 Leavenworth, Omaha, Nebr.

NEVADA

Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY

The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
Bob's Custom Cycles Inc. Rt. 38, Mt. Holly, N.J.
Competition Cycle Inc. 220 E. Blackwell St., Dover, N.J.
Custom Cycle Eng. 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, N.J.
Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
Slip's Custom Cycle 128 Main St., Hamburg, N.J.
Tom Choppers 123 Broadway, Long Branch, N.J.
Your Honda 4 Specialists 767 S 18th St., Newark, N.J.

NEW MEXICO

Crusader Cycle Supply 1511 W. Greene, PO Box 121, Carlsbad, N.M.
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
Tom Cycle Shop 1010 F. Bridge SW, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK

All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St, Rome, N.Y.
Bikers World 271 Dewey Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
Bob's 300 Shop 51 West Ave., Arkport, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 1160 Utica, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 4678 Ithaca Rd., Horseheads, N.Y.
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middleport, N.Y.
Frank's Chopper Acc. 16 Ball Pl., Watervliet, N.Y.
R&V Sales C&Y Rt. 400, Wolcott, N.Y.
Red's Chopper Parts 26 Plaske Dr., Schenectady, N.Y.
Pete Smith's Chopper Stop 16 N. Transit St., Lockport, N.Y.

OHIO

Beard's Chopper City 3309 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Custom Cycle 1609 Chaffin, Akron, Ohio
Custom Cycle House 502 E. State St., Fremont, Ohio
Euclid Custom Cycle 455 E. 200th St., Euclid, Ohio
J&S Choppers 4500 Warren Sharon Rd., Vienna, Ohio
Sebring Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Sebring, Ohio
Williams Custom Choppers 831 Barston Rd., Fremont, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

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Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Pennsylvania Ave., Reading, Pa.
Cyclemates, Inc. 580 Pennsylvania Ave., Sinking Spring, Pa.
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The Graveyard 8100 Germantown Ave., Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Schwartz Kawasaki Rd. 3, Rt. 61, Pottsville, Sch. Hvn. Hwy., Pottsville, Pa.
Scotty's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.
Valley Speed Center 423 Fallowfield Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

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Action Cycles & Acc. Inc. 1846 Wade Hampton Ave., Greenville, S.C.
Chopper Village Rt. 2, Box 51 Richland Ave. E., Aiken, S.C.
Columbia Cycle Shop 1925 Main St., Columbia, S.C.

TEXAS

Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth, Tx.

VIRGINIA

Arlington Custom Cycle 2026 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va.
Bonded Choppers, Inc. 836 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
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Eastern Drag 2799 A Merrilee Dr., Fairfax, Va.
Ed's Custom Mfg. 2799 A Merrilee Dr., Fairfax, Va.
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond, Va.

WASHINGTON

Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Ro-Vin Custom Cycles 4419 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle, Wa.

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Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wisc.
Draxler's Custom Service Hewitt, Wisc.
Fancy Colors Custom Design 1652 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Rich's Pit Stop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Wild Willy's Speed Emporium 900 Park St., Manitowac, Wisc.

WYOMING

Sheridan Custom Cycle 751 S. Sheridan Ave., Sheridan, Wyo.

Silly Tilly

Two bikers were having a few beers and trying to out-bullshit each other. The first one said, "I had my first piece of ass on my mother's bed."

The second wiped the beer from his chin and said, "That ain't nothin', I had my first piece of ass in front of her mother!"

"You did?" The first biker couldn't believe his ears. "What did she say?"

"Not much—just baa-baa."

—Phil Thompson
Dover, Ohio

Three bikers' ol' ladies were sitting around braggin' on their men. The first sweetie said, "My ol' man's joint is six inches of swingin' meat."

"That's nothin'," said the second. "My ol' man's got ten inches at half-mast."

The third chick growled, "Big deal—do you broads know how I make my ol' man's joint twelve inches long?"

"No—how?"

"I just fold it in half."

—Steve Rule
Kokomo, Ind.

This duck walked into a bar, noticed a pretty chick sitting by herself, and decided to introduce himself in the all-American way: "Hey, babe, I'd sure like to get into your pants!"

She took one look at him and said, "I'm sorry, but there's already one asshole there."

—Bruce Whisenhunt
Dallas, Texas

A biker got into a beef with a Chinese dude and invited him into the alley. In a couple of minutes the biker came back into the bar all cut up, bruised and bloody. The biker asked the Chinese dude how he did it—he was about half the size of the biker. "Kung Fu, Hong Kong 1967."

The biker thought about it a while, finished a drink and then invited the Chinese dude into the alley again. This time the Chinese returned to the bar all torn up and bloody. He asked the biker how he did it, and the biker replied, "Primary chain, Harley 1967."

—Alan Cautts
Burlington, Vt.

There were these two biker broads bullshitting in a bar. One chick said, "You gotta watch out for those Trump riders—they'll walk right up to you and put it in."

The other chick said, "Shit, Hog riders put it in and **then** walk up to ya."

—Rick Spice
Winneconne, Wis.

This chick was having a problem with her two boys using rough language. She finally went to the family doctor and he advised her to belt 'em good when they sounded off.

The next morning at the breakfast table she asked her five-year-old what he wanted, and he said, "Gimme some of them fuckin' Wheaties." She smacked him so hard in the mouth that he fell out of his chair. Then she asked her four-year-old what he wanted. He thought a moment and then said, "Shit, I don't know, but you can bet your ass I ain't gonna ask for none of them fuckin' Wheaties!"

—Jim Kellerman
Geneva-on-Lake, Ohio

The black kid was taking a bath and he accidentally knocked a bottle of bleach into the bath with him, which turned his skin white. He immediately yelled for his parents to come and look at him, but they yelled back for him to shut up and take his bath.

He got out of the tub, looked in the mirror, and thought, Shit, I've been white for a minute and I'm already having trouble with niggers.

—Numbers
Lancaster, Ky.

A Club prospect was told he had to do three things in order to get into the club:

1. Chugalug a fifth of whiskey.
2. Go into a tent with a wild lion

Seats

#770 Quilted Diamond, built-in sissybar **$64.00**
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Will fit rigid frame bikes.
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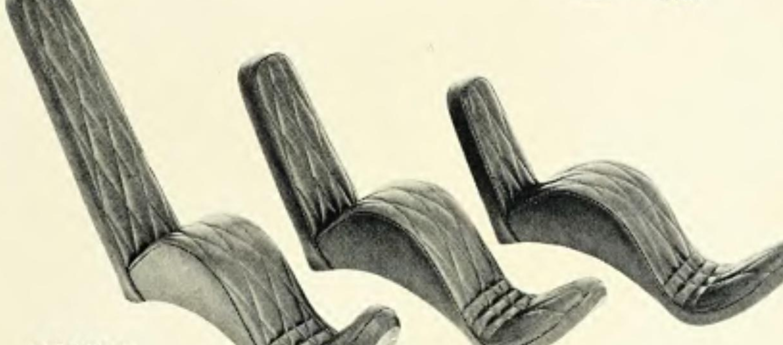

14" $62.95
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They fit: (all come with brackets)

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Be sure to specify your model

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Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

that had an abscessed tooth and pull it.

3. Rape a movie sex queen.

When the tests started the prospect wasted the jug of whiskey with no hassle. But the booze took its toll, and when he went into the tent with the lion there was one helluva fight in the tent. The tent flapped and the lion roared—and finally the prospect emerged from the tent all ripped and torn and said, "Okay, now where's the broad with the abscessed tooth?"

—C. W. Soderlin
Pompano Beach, Fla.

A little girl was playing in the yard. She shouted to her father that some bikers were coming down the road, and he said, "You'd better come in the house then."

The girl looked again and said, "And they're on Harleys!"

"Then you'd better bring in the dog too."

—C. W. Soderlin
Pompano Beach, Fla.

The shoe salesman was fitting a pair of shoes on a chick when he looked up her dress and noticed she wasn't wearing panties. Looking harder, he said, "Man, I'd like to stuff that with ice cream and eat it all back out."

The chick jumped up, left the store, and went home to tell her ol' man. The ol' man just went on watching television.

"Well, ain't you gonna go down there and stomp that bastard for what he said?" she yelled.

He looked at her and said, "Hell no, I'm not gonna screw with nobody big enough to eat **that** much ice cream."

—Al LaVine
Cleveland, Ohio

A biker complained to his doctor about his ol' lady not ballin' enough. The doctor gave him some pills and told him to put two of them in a drink for her before they went to bed.

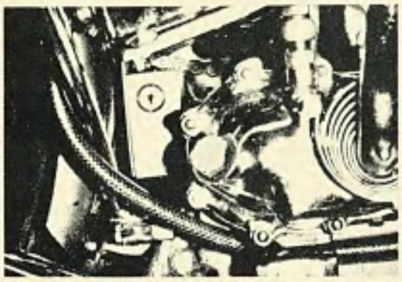
That night he slipped two pills into her beer, and then he thought if it worked for her it'd work for him, so he put four pills into his beer.

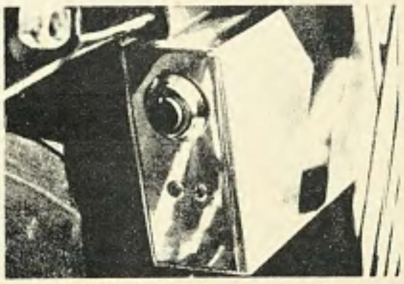
About ten minutes later she jumped up and cried, "Christ, I need a man!" and then suddenly he jumped up and yelled, "Me too!"

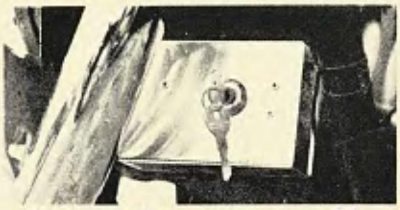
—Steve Miller
Sturgis, Mich.

Heard any good ones lately? Well, clean 'em up a little and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. She'll pay $10 for every one she uses.

A Chopper Alarm!


Alarm location on rigid 74.


Alarm location on Sportster.


Alarm location on swing-arm 74.

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Hog Jaw

—Continued from page 12

"Got anything in your Indian bag that's good medicine for gunshot wounds?" he asked her.

"Only some tampons. The bag is hanging on the sissy bar."

Jaw walked over, pulled the large leather fringe purse off the sissy bar and returned to Spot, who was rolling the flesh of her right arm around with her left hand for a better look at the wound.

"You learn about patching gunshot wounds with Kotex at the practical nurses' school?" Jaw asked, trying to be clever. She didn't answer, but took her purse, opened it and produced a tampon tube. She pushed out the tampon and pressed it over the wound.

"Get some rubbers out of there," she directed.

"At a time like this?" asked Jaw, surprised.

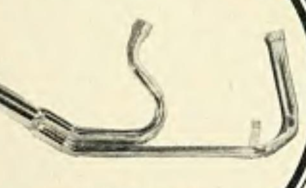
"Yes, Mr. ex-Army medic! We're going to tie the tampon compress on my arm and ride to the hospital where I don't work on Saturday and and get me a free tetanus shot—that is, unless you want to go to the county hospital, explain a gunshot wound that they have to report, and pay for the shot."

"Don't they take American Express?" asked Jaw.

"Not from someone who bikes in his mama wearing a rag on her arm tied on with condoms," she answered.

"I don't want no hospital that don't take American Express and is gonna make a Federal case out of some asshole shooting my Indian," said Jaw.

"Headache humor," he thought as he walked over to where he had been sitting and picked up the live loads from the sand and the empty brass in the brown paper sack. Returning to his bike, he straddled it and kicked over the tight V-Twin. It roared to life on the second try as the extended kickstand was starting to sink into the sand of the freshly cut road. Spot didn't say a word. After packing with Jaw for three months she knew the routine perfectly. She stepped through, leaned back against the low sissy bar, and drew her legs up into the chopper-induced gynecological position that was familiar and comfortable. Jaw pulled up on the walnut handle of the .44 magnum which he had stuck



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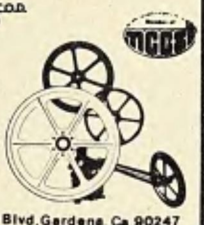

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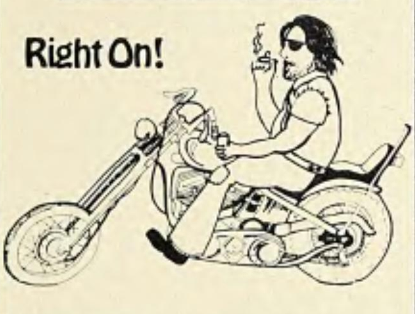

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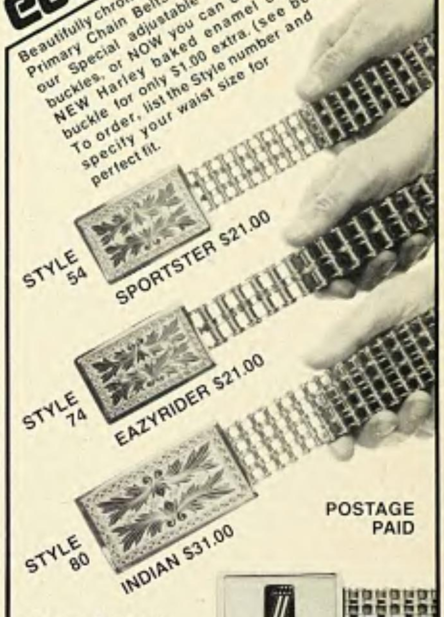

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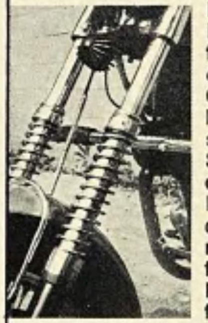

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inside his belt so that he could sit comfortably on his part of the two-piece butt bucket.

With this, he put the trim chop in first, twisted the throttle and blasted out of the hole, defying all laws of kinetic energy. The shorties seemed quiet but his head felt like it was in a decompression chamber. Maybe it was the shooting. Oh yeah, the napkin balls were still in his ears. After winding his way through the timber on the dirt road and reaching the gravel section road, Jaw stopped and pulled out his make-do ear plugs, flicking them away into the breeze.

The doctor knew Spot, and with Jaw standing nearby, just smiled and tried to be casual as he snipped off the rubbers tied around the tampon on her slender arm "Inside out ready-wets," he said as he washed his hands again before applying a conventional compress. Looking over, he asked Jaw to zip up his jacket to conceal the big magnum sticking out of his belt. The doctor was a real white cross. No bill, no reports to the cops. "Zip up your jacket, dumbass," said Jaw's brain, still fighting off last night's wine attack.

Apparently, Saturday mornings were slow at the hospital. The doctor sent the one attendant nurse on an errand to the hospital supply room just to get rid of her. Filling the hypo himself, he told Spot to drop her Levi's and bend over the examining table. Doing so without the slightest bit of hesitation, having given hundreds of hypos herself, Spot bent over the table and took the medicine in the upper quadrant of her solid copper bun. They left as quickly as possible, after thanking the doctor.

A drink to ward off evil spirits was called for. Nothing like a shooting for a good excuse to sneak a few beers to keep body and soul intact while working the 2:00 to 6:00 Saturday shift at the fish store.

Drinking usually meant Larry's. Larry's was across the street from the fish shop in a run-down older neighborhood. Due to the nature of the city and its people, Larry's attracted diverse types, each of which in a larger city would have his own favorite bar. Coexistence among the patrons was based on necessity; the regulars consisted of bikers, heads, college professors, Legal Aid type lawyers, students, gays, hard hats with hair, and a different narc each week. The narcs were easily recognizable and about as well liked as a good dose. Their feeble attempt at being incognito was a uniform con-

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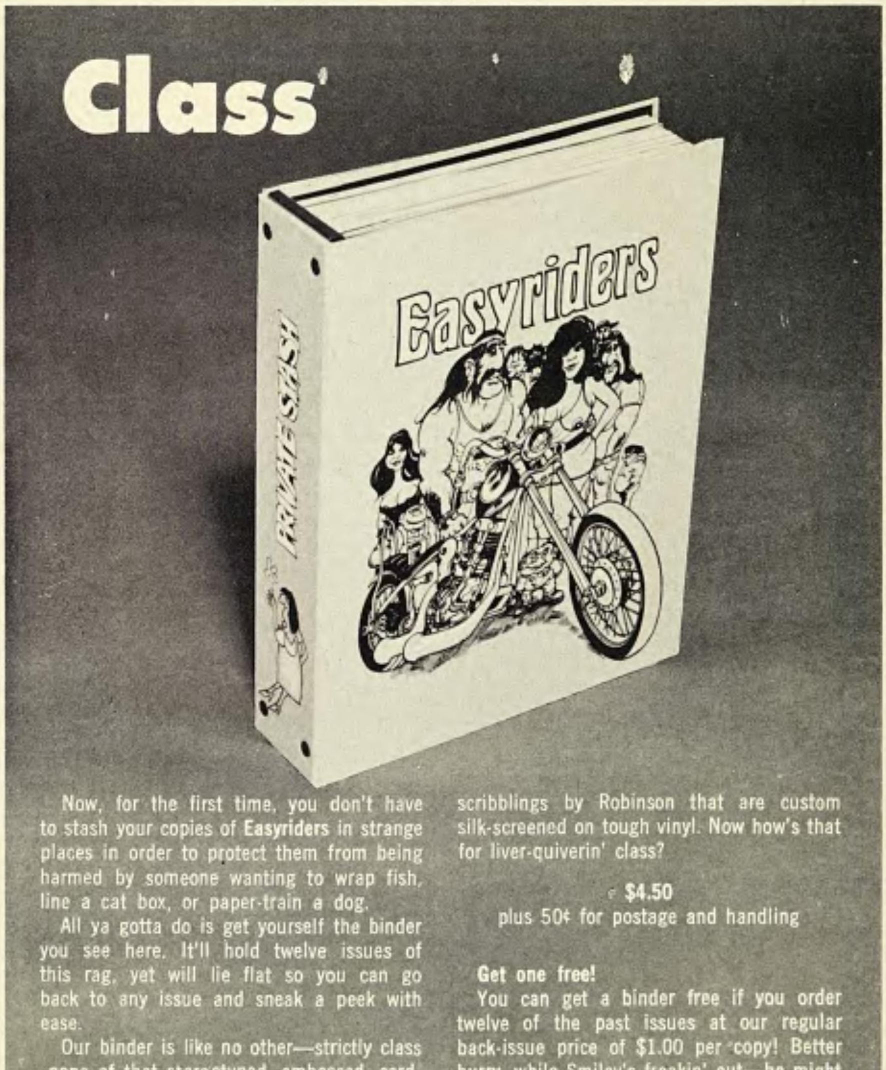

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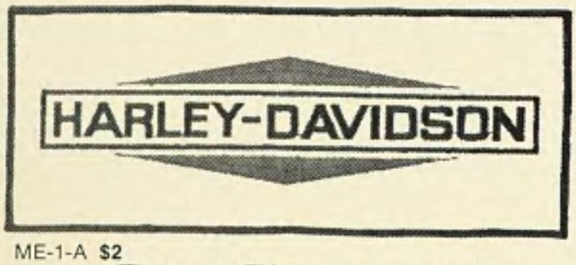

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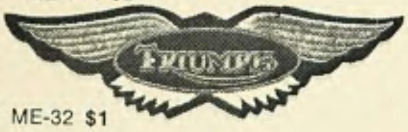

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sisting of Levi's, fringe jacket, sideburns, wedding ring and wing-tip shoes. Larry's narcs were ignored, mostly because their priorities were well defined: getting laid, finding a snitch, and making a bust on somebody they didn't like.

Larry's was fairly empty. The girl bartender was sitting behind the bar on a cooler reading an astrology magazine. She didn't hear Jaw's first order because of the quadraphonic sound system turned full blast. Jaw reached over the bar and firmly squeezed her leg just above the knee. He quickly got her attention.

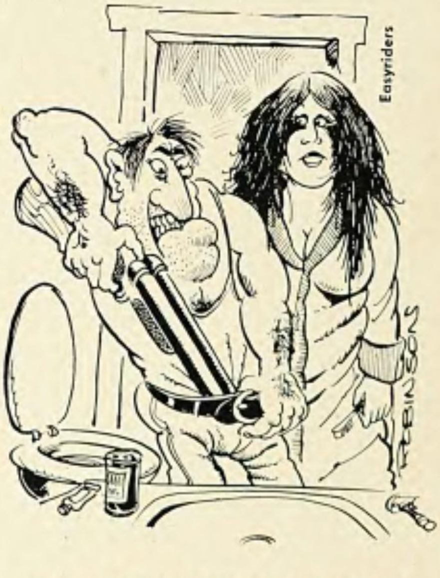
"Yea, sorry Jaw, didn't see you come in," she said.

"You know me?" Jaw replied.

"Heard about you a lot," she said. "I'm new. Just subbing for Lurch." She quickly revved down from full race to idle when Spot appeared and gave her a fire-eyed stare. Suddenly aware how dry he was, Jaw ordered two pitchers and two glasses. Selecting a table midway between the four speakers which were quieted down some at Jaw's request, they discussed possible enemies.

Spot had come to the practical nursing school in Iowa from a large Wyoming ranch where her old man was an assistant ranch foreman. The name Spot came from Jaw and his friends when she first made the scene at Larry's in a silky spotted pantsuit. She quickly accepted her new name, the bike scene and Hog Jaw. Spot couldn't think of anybody who might think they had a reason to shoot at her.

Jaw was reflecting and at the same



"Those crabs still botherin' ya, honey?"

time answering Spot's questions. He was able to do this because her questions usually weren't very heavy. Besides her being high-cheekboned and beautiful, this was the other reason she was his woman.

Jaw couldn't think of anybody who would want to zip him up with a .22. It had to be a .22. It hadn't been very loud and, judging from the neat little groove in Spot's arm, it wasn't anything bigger.

Was it somebody from the Army? Some hype that he'd sent up when he was a fuzz? Was it somebody who came into the fish shop and got a bad order? Was it that cowboy drifter he'd punched out when the guy insulted Spot? No, that dude was long gone since the rodeo left town. Either somebody was trying to dust them or was trying to waste one or both of them and was a piss-poor shot. Who dunnit—hell, that was fuzz stuff and he had left that for good. Jaw started in on his second pitcher, giving Spot a token top-off on her first mug. One thing besides the beer was clear. Until they found their enemy, or a little time passed, he and Spot had better stay nervous.

After leaving Larry's, Spot stayed with Jaw as he worked the four-hour afternoon shift at the fish shop. She windexed the front windows inside and out, using a long squeegee, swept the floor, and ground some fish meal which was made from discarded fish parts for a local vet who also ran a boarding house for rich cats.

About six, Jaw closed down the fish palace. He took the big .44 out of the drawer and had Spot put it in her Indian handbag. By now, his body was crying out for food and alcoholic moisture. They returned to Larry's to accept delivery on a barrel of chicken. After three pitchers of beer, twelve pieces of chicken, an order of baked beans, two small cups of cole slaw, and four rolls, Jaw decided it was time to crash. Nine o'clock and the place was starting to get crowded. Sweetie pie astrology buff was still on duty and looking good. When Jaw's eating frenzy subsided, she brought over a big wastebasket from behind the bar and, after removing the pitchers and glasses from the table, used her arm to blade off the garbage into the wastebasket.

Jaw had his sea legs back and felt tired but good. They got on the bike and rode the few blocks home. Home was a rundown motel that had been converted to apartments. It

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was a long, narrow, wood building with ten ground floor units in a row and a large gravel parking lot in back, accessible by an alley entrance. Jaw pulled up to the back door with a case of the beer friskies and stopped abruptly, causing the 12-over springer to depress smoothly. Spot got off and unlocked the back door. She held open the screen door and stood to the side as Jaw let the clutch out to get a start. After clutching, he shut off the fire so the engine was dead by the time he cleared the door. Stopping squarely in the middle of his living room, he stepped off, avoiding the oil spots. Spot handed him the .44 and he set it on a combination tool and reloading bench next to the back door.

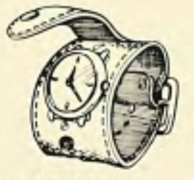
He stood for a moment admiring the pueblo tan chopper with the deep and subdued Hopi Indian design tastefully projecting from the sportster tank. She was like Spot. Every time he looked at either of his girls in a different mood, or different light, or from a different angle, he discovered something new he liked.

Looking away from the chop, he decided to do something with his beer-heightened love for his second lady. With this decision made, he went over for another beer. Spot had covered the refrigerator with simulated birch-bark to fit the decor of the two-room apartment, a decor she appropriately called "Indian Motorcycle."

Jaw unscrewed the twist top of the fresh beer, took a gulp, and walked into the bedroom. He stripped down naked, flipped on the TV and sat on the bed with his back against a pillow. Ah, just in time for the Saturday night horror movie. There was a movement through the bedroom window above the small window unit air conditioner. A security light from the back parking lot provided enough light so the darker room with no light except the chromatic glow of the TV admitted the profile of a head peering in at him.

Not wanting to spook the unknown voyeur, he reached over and got his beer. He stuck his tongue in the hole and tipped it full up as if it were empty, and then held the beer bottle up and looked at it, as if it were time for a new one. Being casual, he got up as if doing just that. Once he cleared the bedroom doorway, he stepped around the chop and grabbed the .44.

With .44 in hand, he slipped the



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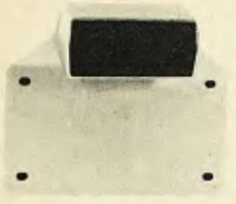

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chain lock free on the back door and quickly pulled the wooden door open. He pushed on the screen door. It didn't open. The son-of-a-bitch was jammed or locked or something; it didn't open! His voyeur spooked and started sprinting across the gravel parking lot.

Suddenly, the running figure stopped and shot at Jaw's profile framed by the screen door and the apartment's light. The wild shots were from a .22 automatic pistol which jammed on the fourth round. Jaw turned out the light and peered out the screen door.

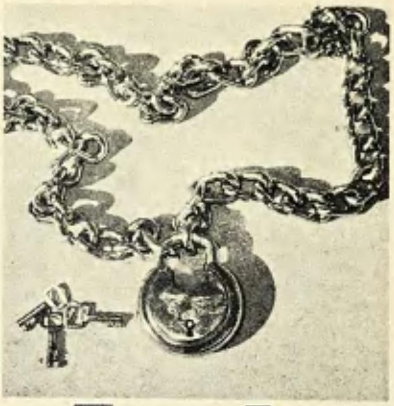
While looking back to see if anybody was coming out of the door, the running figure stepped on a broken ball bat end that some kid had left in the empty gravel lot. When the silhouette went down, Jaw decided to make his bid. The figure was scrambling for a bike which became apparent when somebody in an end apartment turned on a porch light. The bike, a white Kawasaki 500, had been left idling in the alley so its jockey could make a quick escape if necessary.

Jaw kicked open the screen door with one well-placed bare foot above the potmetal latch. The door flew open and banged against the building. As it did, Jaw was in the parking lot.

Standing naked (except for his number 1 ring) on the rough gravel, he sighted in on the bike rather than the running figure, which was now about ten yards away from the Japanese jet. *KRA-WHOOM, KRA-WHOOM.* The heavy piece did its thing. The first shot ripped through the long, narrow gas tank. On the second blast, the 240-grain jacketed bullet shattered the light alloy engine into jagged pieces of metal. A spark from the capacitor discharge system, with dying ferocity, ignited the useless junk into a big nocturnal fireball.

"Freeze, you bastard, or you're next," yelled Jaw. Caught between the fireball and the .44 magnum, the figure put his hands high in the air like a character in a cowboy movie from the '20s. Not wanting to walk around on the gravel in his bare feet, Jaw told the figure to approach slowly with his hands in the air. Jaw just stood there with a double hand hold on the magnum, which was pointed right at the middle of the little enemy whom, as he approached, Jaw immediately recognized.

The nervous figure was that of



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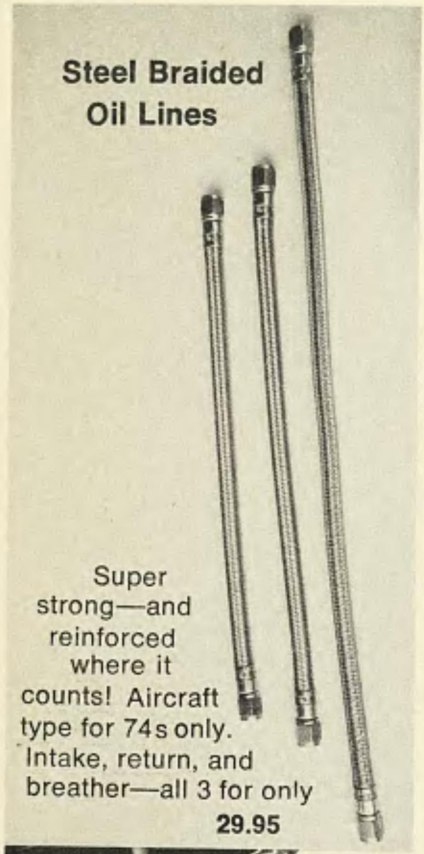

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"Fireball Franklin," a little firebug that Jaw had arrested for burning down churches back when he was a deputy sheriff. The county attorney's office had not prosecuted him after receiving a psychiatrist's report. Fireball had been committed for an indefinite period.

"Well, Fireball, it looks like your psycho-cycle came down with your disease," said Jaw.

Thanks to an old bat who lived in apartment 10, four squad cars came screaming down the alley, followed by a firetruck and the fire chief's red van. The cops surrounded them and the firetruck extinguished the burning heap of Japanese junk. Jaw walked back to get his pants while two cops and a reporter asked questions. As they approached his back door, Jaw noticed a one-gallon gasoline can under the air conditioner. Apparently, Fireball had used the gas can to stand on to peer over the air conditioner to see if anybody was home. Jaw went over and got the gas can. Leading the investigating officers into the "living room," he proceeded to screw on the inverted spout and pour the gas into his nearly empty tank. Fireball was no marksman, but as an average arsonist, Jaw knew he wouldn't use regular gas, even if there was a fuel shortage.

Handing the cops the can with a little gas left in the bottom, he told them that it was probably Fireball's. They wouldn't need it for evidence because the shrink would recommit Fireball for another attempt at a retread. Apparently, Fireball's paranoia focused on Jaw for interfering with an inspired plan to start a new religion after all churches had been burned down.

Jaw knew the city cops and he also knew they didn't like him. They thought of him as a "dirty neck" of a former deputy sheriff who rode a chopper. They were intent on charging Jaw with indecent exposure, illegal discharge of a firearm in the city, and unlawful refuse burning. Jaw's call to the sheriff, who called the county attorney, who called the chief of police, who called the black-and-white, zapped that blue brainstorm. After some rude comments, the cops left, and Jaw never did put his pants on.

The next day passed without any target shooting, and his pride stayed in the living room on a dark and rainy Sunday. During Wild Kingdom, Jaw did put his pants on to load up some more Kawasaki killers—after Spot had gone to work. ■

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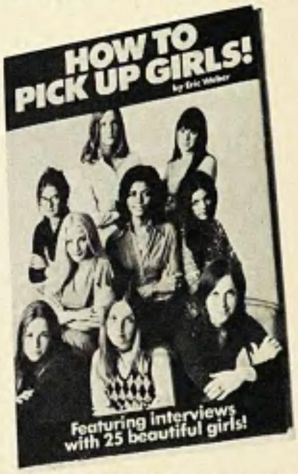
"If only I had this book before I started shackin' with my present orangutan!" -Spider



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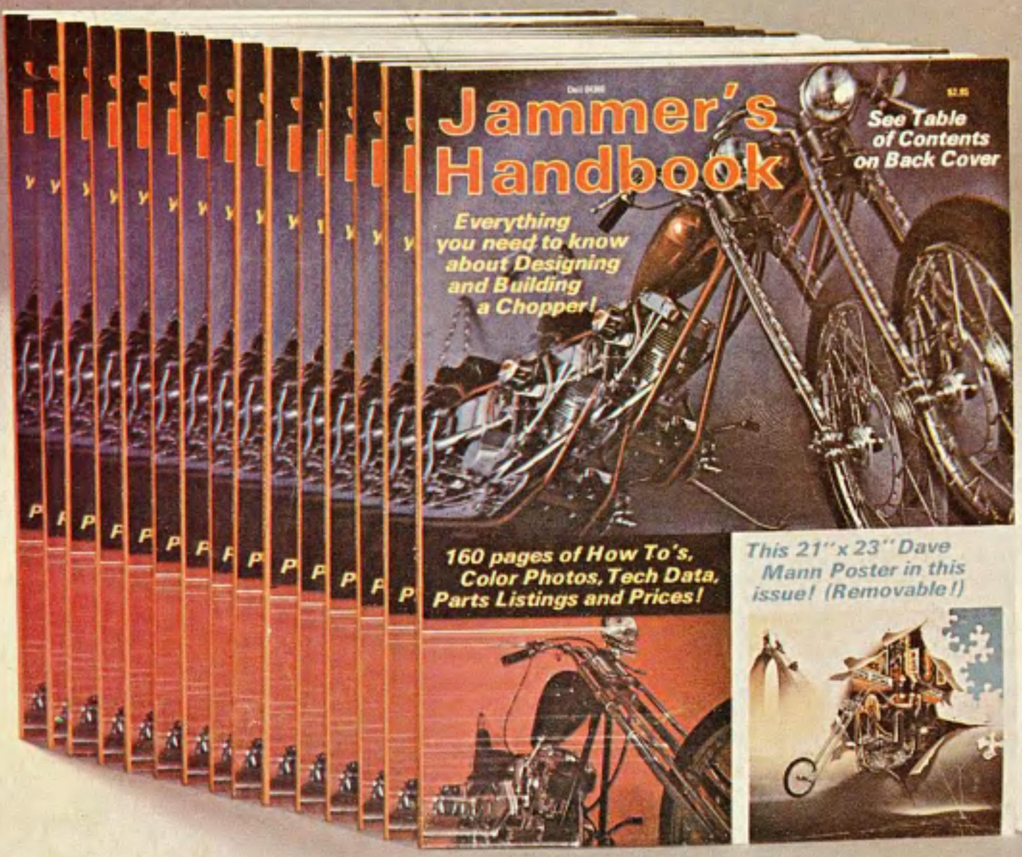

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